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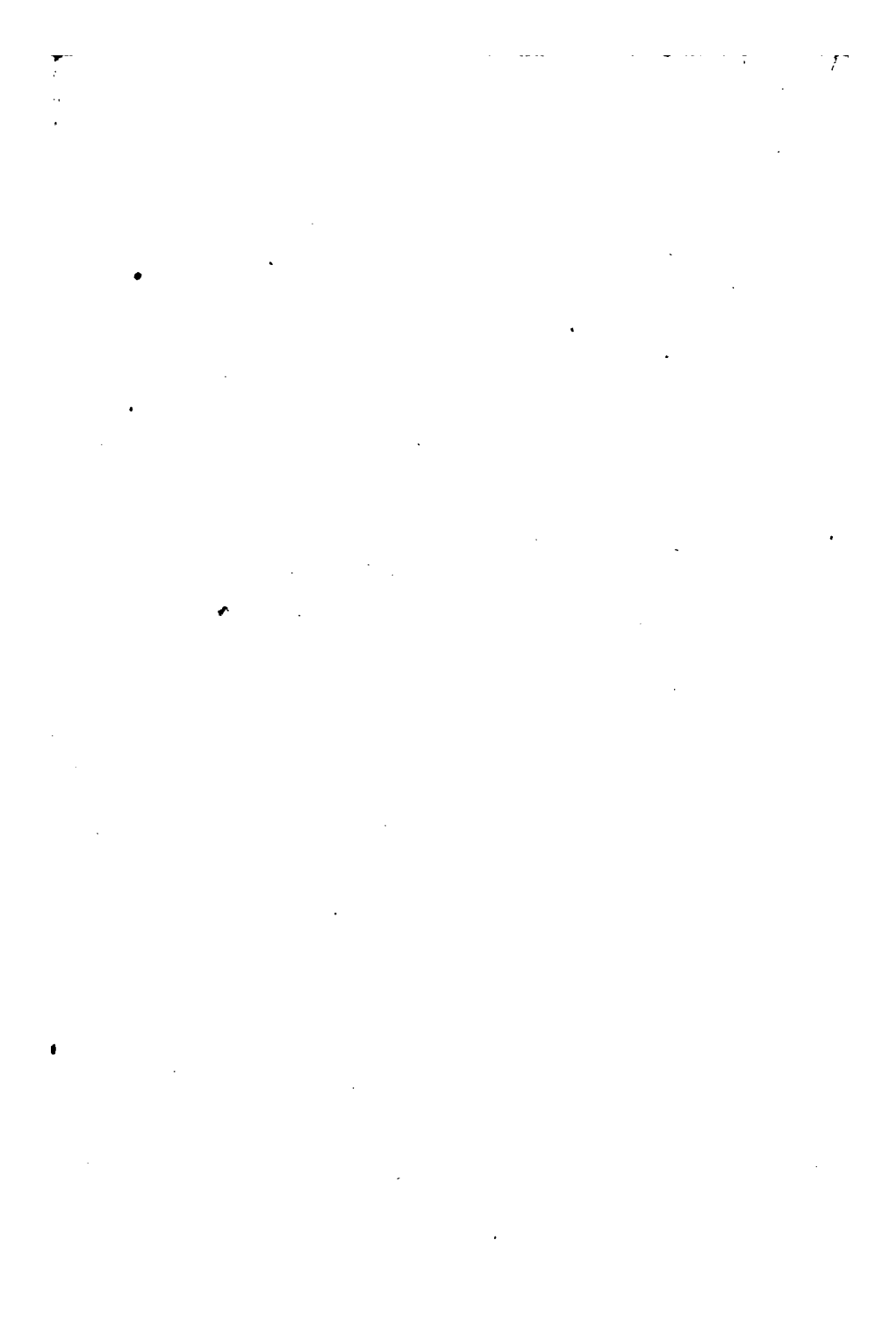
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PARSON-OGRAPHY;

OR,

THE BOOK OF PARSONS.



BY

LINNÆUS LYNX, ESQ., M.A.

London:

W. AND F. G. CASH, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

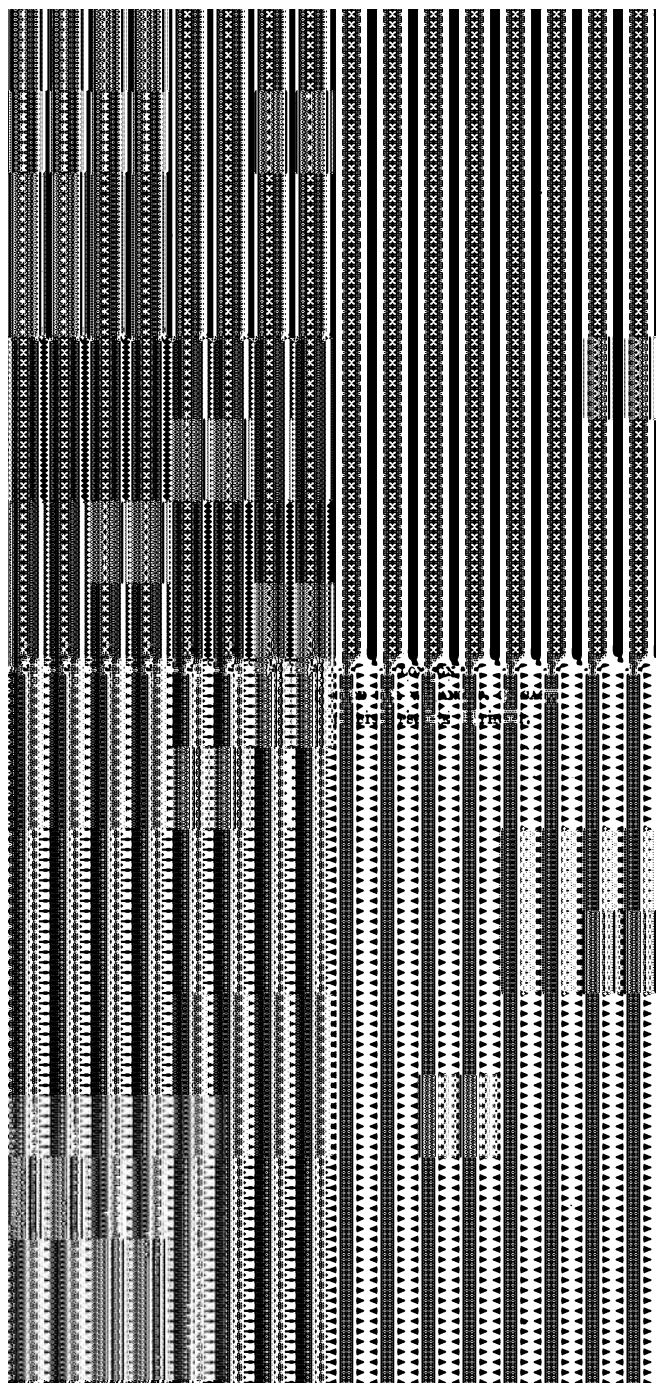
DUBLIN: HODGES AND SMITH.

EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES.

(Published for the Author.)

MDCCLVII.

249. U. 541.



TO
THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON DENISON,

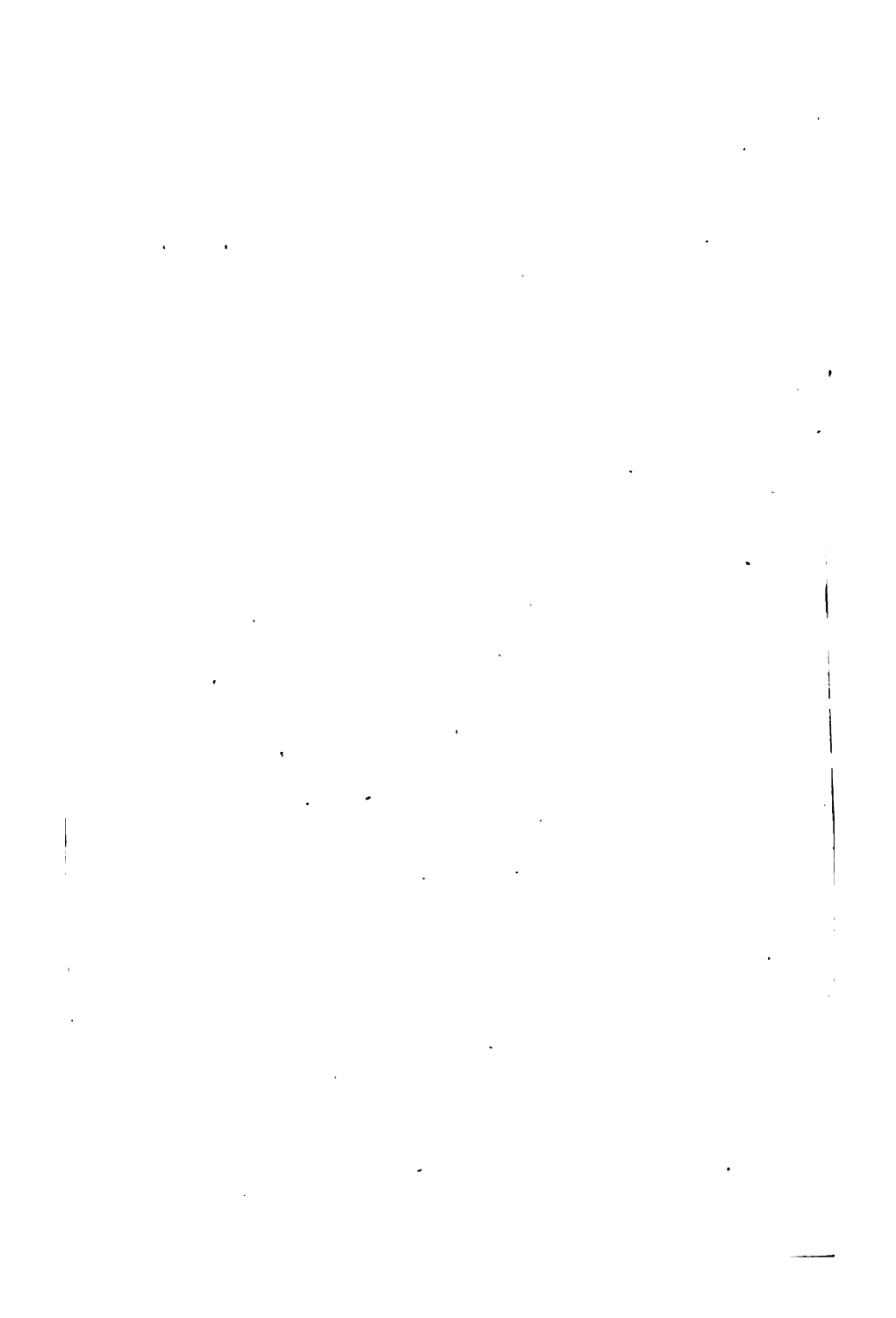
AND
THE REVEREND CORNELIUS GORHAM,

TWO FEARLESS MEN WHO WISH WELL TO

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

These Pages

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.



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INTRODUCTION.

GOOD-HUMOURED ridicule never did any harm. The ridicule to be found in the following descriptions is perfectly good-humoured.

It is also free from all party bias, and is intended to be serviceable.

Very likely it will be found of too unpretending and too unmeritorious a kind to be very effective.

But if performance is at all equal to intention and wish, its influence would be friendly to the clergy.

As a body, the clergy abound in what is good; but some of them are almost the reverse: or at least are exceedingly unfit for their office.

Caution in the Bishops, and reformation in the body, is the desideratum. Requirements for ordination must be more strict, and the examinations more searching. And such men as have already gained an entrance without proper fitness, must be made to amend themselves, and supply their own deficiencies.

There are some Parsons, whose peculiarities are merely the result of party feeling. These deserve a gentler handling. Still, say what the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol chooses, party is an evil, not a good.

For every instance in which it may do a little good, there are a thousand others in which it does irreparable mischief. Take the diocese of Lichfield as a single example:

Party is a tyrant over the actions, and makes machines of us. The question with party men is, "What course does my party take?" Out upon such slavery!

"The Cambridge Man," and other college sketches must be viewed differently, being mere delineations of character. A University man need get no harm from his educational mater. But there are good, bad, and indifferent peculiarities frequently imbibed.

Some people are shocked at everything which is not very abstracted, and very unworldly. This little affair of a book, intended for a quiet evening, or a railway ride, is not for any doleful individuals who cannot relax, or who look coldly upon a pleasant face, or who won't hear one word against "our minister;" always provided said minister be civil to said dolefuls.

The world is bad enough, and sad enough of itself. Let cheerfulness and benevolence be the badges of those who wish to reform it.

L. L.

May, 1857.

PARSON-OGRAPHY.

FAST. (F.P.)

THIS species of parson is to be seen in all parts of the country. He will not be extirpated till we imitate the policy of the Saxon Potentate. Wales was infested, as every one knows, by wolves. So the king, whose name is merged in his far-sighted edict, commanded that the heads of 300 of these beasts should be annually contributed, by way of tax; and wolves soon ceased to exist in the Principality. The heads of 300 F. P.'s annually would, to be sure, make but a poor figure. But our liege sovereign would no doubt overlook the quality in consideration of the other Q. Having observed the habits of this creature in various localities, and found them much the same everywhere, we conclude that climate and feed make no great difference in their characteristics. Their chief sustenance is flattery and admiration, and when they miss these, a lingering death generally results. A few feeds of good sense and propriety have been known to change the aspect and habits of your fast man in orders with marvellous rapidity; but as these aliments are distasteful they are only taken as medicine, when the supply of regular food is deficient. At other times the cry is—

“ Throw physic to the dogs.”

wolves being a superior race, and not relishing physic.

A fast parson wears "knowing" clothes, in humble imitation of sporting jockeys, or in milder cases of men about town, affects to deride "the choker" excessively, "gives them," (meaning his congregation), a short sermon, "copied from a jolly old book of my uncle's," if he be a young specimen; and thinks it low and slow to visit his sick parishioners. Indeed, the only parish visiting he delighteth to make is comprised in evening parties, where his song is the loudest, his feet the nimblest, and his cards the luckiest. A "weed" is one of his most frequent companions. He derides the strictness which stigmatises the hunt, and the pink, or darkly-sportive coat generally consequent thereupon, as narrow-minded bigotry. Upon narrow-mindedness and bigotry, by the way, the fast parson talks very learnedly—almost eloquently; and he is even known to put something original into his copied sermons, for the sake of a fling at methodism of all sorts. His keenness in scenting out a slow parson, or a ranter, is perfectly wonderful. And then he will "draw the man out," and cleverly handle any innocent convictions of conscience the said "man" may give utterance to, for the edification of listeners and lookers-on.

Whilst found in all parts of England, and in some parts of Ireland, he is seen in full perfection where balls, parties, irreligion, and general indifference prevail. We have ourselves known him wearing bright buttons and cutaway coat in the streets, shambling like a lame horse over the prayers in his church, and going from a funeral to a fox-hunt. But it is not every individual of the species so talented. Some are less able and less willing; and some who begin fast end very slow.

Any one curious to see how F.P.'s come into

existence, may read a few chapters thereupon in the *New Monthly*. There is a story in an old number of that magazine called "The Lunatic Asylum," which portrays too truly the proceedings of a young scape-grace intended for "The Church."

"A very pretty career is yours," remonstrated an uncle, "to fit you for one of God's holy ministers! Pray, Sir, which is deepest in your thoughts—how you shall best get out of debt, or into divinity?"

"Why, Sir, the University is not supposed to fit us for—for—religion, and that sort of thing," replied Arthur, candidly. "I suppose that comes with the ordination—if it comes at all."

"You may well say, 'if it comes at all,'" exclaimed the old man, pacing about, in his restless manner. "It is the wretched training of our young divines that is helping to pull down our Church Establishment. Oh, you laugh! you don't think it is coming down? I can tell you, Sir, that unless a sweeping reform takes place, on more points than one, in a century's time we shall be all Dissenters. And the Reformed Church will be left to the care of itself—without its revenues, though," added the speaker, shrewdly.

"What an old croaker!" soliloquised Arthur.

"How is a minister prepared for his holy office! How are *you* being prepared?" he continued, wheeling round, and facing his nephew. "You went to school, and there you were taught just as the other boys were taught, irrespective of future career—whether to be a soldier, a parson, a rake, no matter—the training was the same for all. Then you went to the University, and what d'ye do there?"

"I only do as others do," deprecated Arthur.

"Just so; that's where it is. You learn to dress,

and swindle poor duns, and feast and drink, with graver vices, that I will not put you to shame by naming: A few years of this folly, each year growing worse than the last, and you present yourself to a bishop, he lays his hands on you, and you are turned out into the world to take care of other men's souls, when you care nothing and know less about your own!"

"What a confounded old croaker!" thought Arthur, again.

"Well, there the system is, and I can't mend it: but I know what it will do for England. The people are becoming enlightened; and, one by one, all abuses and anomalies will be swept away."

"Meanwhile, what am I to do, Sir, to avoid being swept away? Will you forgive and assist me?"

"It would go against my conscience to aid in making him one of these graceless ministers, were it not that they are all alike," observed the old man to himself. "How long is it before you can be ready to take orders?"

"About twelve months," was the reply.

"And in that twelve months, if I set you free now, you will be as deep in debt as ever."

"Sir, again I say, I will pledge you my honour."

"Get back to college, Sir, hasten your studies there, and give me in the list of your debts."

"You are more generous than I deserve, uncle—than I expected," exclaimed the young man, tears rushing into his eyes.

"Get yourself made a parson as speedily as you can; and a choice specimen you'll make, to judge by these antecedents."

"No worse than the generality, Sir."

DEAR LYNX,

"Fletcher says you want me to write something for your book. He says you're going to shew up the parsons in print. So do—I don't care. It wasn't my fault I was a parson. I tried hard to write something for you, and I wrote a sketch, as you scribblers call it, of my own proceedings to the present date. Don't forget the hypocritical long-faced slow-coaches; and you're welcome to give it to us too. I've put the thing inside this letter. If you knew what it cost me, you would think it the best thing in your book. But you may polish it off, like that good and prudent critic in old Horace.

"'Incomitis all'net atrum
Transverso calamo signum.'

"Pon my word I feel quite literary.

"Your's truly,

"J. T. F. VERNON."

"MY DEAR VERNON,

"I call you a *fast* parson; but as you are less culpable than those who become fast by choice, or to please a patron, or from conceit, it seems a shame to put your 'Autobiography' under the F. P. species. What shall I do? You *are* a fast man. Write me another line, if you are capable of so much exertion, will you? With many thanks,

"Your's very truly,

"L. LYNX."

"DEAR LYNX,

"Do what you like,

"J. T. F. V."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN F. P.

My father was a country 'Squire, and I am his youngest son. I remember he was a kind old governor to me, and used to think me the cleverest of the family. My two brothers were to follow their own inclination ; and as they both declined the living, my lot in life was fixed from the day of their refusal. My father sent for me.

"I want a little talk with you, Jack."

"Yes."

"About your future life." Turned parson thought I.

"Mr. Richards gave us a good sermon on that yesterday, father."

"I mean your prospects. Ernest and Tom won't take orders, so you must."

"Why *must*, father? They had their choice ; mayn't I too? I hate orders, and parsons, and everything belonging to them."

"Well, Jack, this is how it is: Richards only holds the living till one of you boys can take it. It's a good £900 a-year, and has always been the younger son's property. If you don't take it I can do very little for you in any other profession : and there will be nothing worth speaking of left for you to live upon."

So I left Braston Grammar School, where the masters used to let me have my own way because I was their great shew-off, "the 'Squire's son of Longpool," and went to a private tutor's.

This tutor was the only real good parson I ever knew. He was an out-and-out gentleman, too, who did not care for anybody. He never toadied, and cared as little for the great folks at the Castle as for me, his lesser dignitary, at the Vicarage. He was always mighty respectful to the aristocracy about; but

he was not afraid of them, and never preached for their especial benefit, or the lightening of their consciences, or the glorification of their liberality and munificence. That's one reason I dislike parsons. They're a mixture of impertinent freedom and cringing humility; that is, the parsons in *my* neighbourhood. The Vicar of Snowheath was a real good fellow. He used to talk to me in a very serious way sometimes, and I always ended it with a "Thank you, sir—I'll remember." But I seldom *did* remember. He told the 'Squire that I ought not to be *forced* into orders. He merely prepared me for Oxford, he said—not for the living.

The good tutor died soon after I had matriculated; and then I ran wild again. If that tutor had lived, I believe I should have been a respectable layman instead of a careless parson. I never laughed at *him* in my life. I never disliked him. I love his memory.

My rapidity did me no great harm at Oxford. It was rather petted and admired in some quarters. I can't say it helped me to my degree; but I got that degree with a minimum of learning which was like those homœopathic dodges or doses, or whatever they're called, rather infinitesimal. Perhaps it was my cleverness.

I soon got ordained, with Longpool for a title. The Bishop knows best what my papers were like. The chaplain took wine with me at dinner, so I suppose I must have done well; but I thought a poor plodding fellow who sat near me, with brains and goodness shining plainly out of all his looks, deserved much more notice than I did. But I was told afterwards that the chaplain was aristocratic.

Then followed priest's orders with the second edition of the aristocratic chaplain, bound in gold and calf.

The men were very attentive to me. One young gentleman whose father had been in the army, and had since become a doctor, took great pains to cultivate me. He became alarmingly fast, for my sake, and told me he knew me from the first as "A member of the Universitah;" he could tell "a member of the Universitah" anywhere; how long had I left "the Universitah?" He was merely taking orders as a convenience—going to run over from Kingsmead, where the paternal resided, to his curacy, on Sundays. He would be happy to see me, if I ever went to Kingsmead: but as I never did go, my acquaintance with this rapid son of the ex-military doctor, was not ripened into friendship for him, or love for his sisters—who came in great numbers to see "dear Belville" ordained. Another man spoke strongly of "the bore" he considered orders to be; but pathetically observed that "the parent folks" insisted. This puppy, I afterwards heard, was the son of a small retail draper, who had creditably denied himself for his son's advancement. Filius himself had seconded the draper's ambition, and worked hard for his degree. He was a good and dutiful son, but his wish to be considered a somebody, upset the good youth's centre of gravity, or centre of respectability. The other specimens were nothing particular. There were only two or three men among them all that I was inclined to feel any sort of respect for.

My next step was to the rectorship of Longpool. I am rector now, but I like it as little as I did at first. My curates worship me almost, and all sorts of excuses are made for my "little follies." But I know I'm not fit for it. Dancing is a vast deal more in my way than preaching. I know I oughtn't to be smoking cigars between services, but for the life of me I can't help it.

Then there's Cissy Horner, (horrid name, "Horner!") one of the archdeacon's girls. I shall marry her, I suppose. But the only difference between her and the laity is, that she is wilder than any of them. I like her all the better for it; but the old father ought to keep a tighter rein upon them. Her grandfather was a sweep, they say. Can't say I like the thought much. However, I suppose I am bound in honour to her, after what's passed between us. A rare girl is Cissy!

I sent away one curate of the long-faced order, for making love to a farmer's daughter, and leaving her because her father got into difficulties. I sent away another for being two-faced: and another because he had the impertinence to make love to my sister. My present curate is on trial: so long as he does his duty, and lets me alone, he is welcome to his 120*l* a year, and not half paid either.

I forgot to say, I lost my father soon after taking the living. He said to me not long before he died,

"I don't know but I did wrong, Jack, in making a parson of you. Do you think you could say anything to me about the next world, my boy? You *are* a parson, and the cloth knows best about these things."

"My mother would have told you all about it, father; but she's gone to a better place. There's something about 'preparing a place.' Perhaps she will be able to do that." This I said in bewilderment, scarcely knowing what I *did* say.

"No, Jack; that's not in her power." Pause of two minutes. "I begin to think it wants something more than the bishop's hands."

I really felt queerish at this, and tried my best to comfort my good old father. But I wish I had never been a parson.

So ends my tale. I have no one whom I can trust to, to set me right. They all want my money, or my notice, or my song. I don't know a parson of them all, that I can *believe* in. And as for a tract-distributing wife, I've seen enough of that sort, and am pledged to Cissy.

I wish people wouldn't smile upon me so. It sickens me. It's humbug. I don't deserve it. A good blowing up from my old tutor would be far better.

BENEFICED. (B. P.)

THAT is, versus *un-beneficed*. Beneficed parson may be a dandy, or a dullard, a puseyite or a puritan, a cant or a cantab, a thoroughbred or a tuft-hunter; but these distinctions are *pro tem* veiled, curtained, cloaked, and concealed in his being beneficed.

Again let us narrow the description. It is chiefly the offensive B. P. who figures below. Beneficial peculiarities cannot be all objectionable.

Here he is—a confident, plain-speaking man, who loves his country with all her faults, and this life with all its miseries. His country affords him £450 a year, besides glebe, residence, and fees, which, with his own £100, and his wife's £200, makes this life a very pleasant journey, and our beneficed traveller a very comfortable person.

Together with his living, B. P. holds his own opinions, and is fearless of offending his party. If an Evangelical, he has his peculiar notions about baptism. If a Puseyite, he frequently eschews *The Guardian*. If a moderate man, he “admires Denison’s pluck,” and so forth. Then again he launches out against the presumption of young curates; he violently snubs churchwardens, and is plainly—sometimes too plainly—in face, person, doings, and words, a Beneficed Parson. At dinner parties, if he attend them, his dogmas are decidedly dogmatical; he will enlighten the company freely

and fully about the doings of "my curate;" and his phrases are less religious than when he himself was curate of St. Pauper, in the old town of Crosschurch. He has e'en been known to check the devotional aspirations of the Rev. John 'Toastwater, his second in command.

At refreshment rooms, and in railway carriages, he eyes travellers inquiringly, as if to say "Are you conversible, and noticeable?" Woe, woe, of the direst kind, to any forward white-tie of the unbeneficed class, who should presume to commence a conversation with him. Our friend Frog, described with accuracy upon another page, once meekly addressed a B. P., in a first class, asking said B. P., if he "might venture" to give up his seat to the vicarial bully? Frog was most unmercifully and uncereemoniously snubbed, even to the verge of fainting; and was only delivered by Harwood, the baronet's son, from perpetrating open rebellion against all his betters from that day forward. The consciences of the beneficed are, by the possessors thereof, commonly appealed to, their benefices still more commonly. The weight of evident responsibility rests upon them.—"In my position as rector of People-cum-church."—"I am sorry that as incumbent of Snugley." "My parishioners, Mr. Jones, have the first claim."—"My conscience as the clergyman of the parish."

Absence of meekness is the chief mark wherein laity may recognize a B. P. Porters for neglect of luggage, equally with curates for neglect of duty, are subject to high swelling words of wrath and indignation. Having a respect for the cloth, we will not enquire of the wife, whether as curate or vicar, her husband was most amiable and loving, nor of the servants, whether he is

considerate and careful still, or whether the warm sun of his prosperity has only gilded the exterior of his house and circumstances. No, we inquire not ; for a man's domestic arrangements ought to be free from the intrusion of scribblers. Besides, it would be presumption. He is a Rector.

UNBENEFICED (U. P.)

CURATES as a class, and curates as individuals, have been a good deal before the public lately. *The Times* has taken them up, and been disposed to take them in, with possibly the unusual hope of being taken in itself. Newspaper people are the only ones who like to be taken in; and even their ambition extends rather to the paper than to their editorial selves. While expatiating on the poverty of their income, the leading journal,—so called from leading people by the nose—all fools, with *Punch* at the head of them, have large and prehensable noses,—has written pretty freely about the “idleness” of their habits. It would have clergymen’s work mapped out, like the different departments of its systematic self; forgetting all the time that the very nature of clerical duty precludes such a notion. Imagine honest John Dobbs, curate of Bigville, putting himself under the management of a sub-editor! John is very good natured, and so enthusiastic, that he never reads of a new plan without putting it into immediate practice. When street preaching first came to be talked about in the Church, the exemplary curate astonished and rather alarmed the good folks of Bigville, by a benevolent address from the top of a beer barrel, one Monday morning about ten o’clock, A.M. The barrel was placed at one end of the village street, the auditory consisting of seven school children in Dobbs’s immediate vicinity,

two or three old, and one middle aged woman, from neighbouring cottage doors, and a few pantomimic and youthful listeners from chamber windows, which opened upon the scene of his labours. These last were like a particular kind of fever,—intermitting. During intervals of greater or lesser extent, they might be fairly supposed to be engaged in household duties, and were only recalled to drooping attitudes of listening repose by any unusual elevation of the curate's voice, or an incipient but smothered "hooray!" from a boy who was a friend to Church and State, and had attended elections in the next town. The population of the street was only ninety-five, and therefore contributed its fair proportion of listeners to Dobbs's open air meeting.

There was in the widely scattered parish of Bigville, a population of some 2000 souls, (why bodies are not included in population returns I could never understand, except under the mythical fancy, that it is necessary to exclude cemetery remains; but query, are there no *souls* hovering about also, which the Registrar General hath no knowledge of?) Well, imagine a zealous curate under sub-editor's orders for six months; being systematically in one part of the parish, while his sick parishioner was dying in another, going about to see his people on a muddy and sloppy day, and staying moping in doors on a fine and gladsome one, because Wednesday is put down for visits, Thursday for meditations, or for getting up "Sunday's Leader," as sub-editor would be likely to call it; completing his prescribed tasks with too much time to spare, and nothing to do in it one day, and having not one moment to give to his sister's long expected visit the next. Mind your own business, heroes of the broad sheet.

The Times was never intended to guide the Church, or its clergy. In a parish, good gentlemen, you will find no steam engines to second your cloudy theories. Betty, and Mary, and Jane, *will* attend to their washing on their own days, notwithstanding the coming visit of the steam parson, or the call of the 11. 25. scripture reader. Write about politicians, but leave parsons alone.

It must be left to the conscience of the beneficed and unbeneficed; and in order to work upon that, *improve your race of curates*. Reject rubbish. Educate properly. Educate the conscience. Elevate the motives. Bishops, cease to ordain mere fashionable drones. Vicars, cease to give titles to well-born laziness. People, give your parsons every encouragement; and instead of drawing maps of daily work, get men whose honour and piety will make them work undriven, and without the aid of newspaper editors.

That's a digression. The unbeneficed parson is subject, especially if he be unmarried, to many temptations. Outcries and jealousies beset his path. Is he an evangelical? A host of district visitors, and Sunday-school teachers, are imbued with new zeal and vigour. It is a contest as to who shall go and see "dear old Mrs. Drake," who is very ill and liable to clerical visits. Teachers' meetings are numerously attended. The curate's rooms assume an anti-macassar air, and bands worked by ladies' fingers play merrily with his heart. The rector's lady smiles with impartial urbanity upon the semi-religious drama, and all is love and loveliness. If, on the other hand, the hero is a Tractarian, pretty screams of "Oh, you naughty wicked man" mingle freely with admiration of his beautiful bows to the rising sun, his stern uncompromising doctrine, and his

intolerance of all Dissenters. In either case, and in any case, unbeneficed parsons are in danger of losing much of the unselfish and earnest spirit which is supposed to actuate any right-minded clergyman.

B. P. is generally married or engaged.

See the effect of these things upon curates and candidate curates. If an ambitious youth is the subject of an ambitious mother's table-talk with papa, it is sure to end in, "Let him go to Cambridge, my dear—the Church is such a genteel profession." And to Cambridge he goes. What for? To prepare solemnly and seriously (there need be no unnatural severity) for the work of his future life? to carry out an early desire, and complete an innate and inherent fitness for the highest office man can fill? Nothing of the kind; but to be an ambitious, planning, scheming, fortune-hunting, and good-society seeking young hypocrite—to be hard-working only when every other avenue to preferment is closed—when Julia, whom he married for her imaginary six thousand pounds and a prospect, is found to have only one thousand and a piano—and when Julia's husband, our unbeneficed friend in question, has heard that Tom Darnley, "the Methodist prig," whom in college days he despised, has been unexpectedly presented to a living.

Aye, there's another temptation which helps to mould the character and form the habits of curates. Benefices are too often given to importunity, or toadyism, or cant, or birth, or, worst of all, to riches. A curate is wealthy, therefore he is courted, and has a choice of several eligible and lucrative preferments. Or, he is importunate, therefore gains his object. Or, he shoves pious phrases into every body's ears, backed up by allusions to his wants, and wishes, till "What

can be done for Dirteat," ends in a parsonage and a fine lady wife. Such a specimen lately came under our notice. He is a rogue of the basest description, and with every allowance for youthful error he has since shewn himself to be not only a snob, but something far worse. Yet this *ingenui vultus puer* writes long letters full of the most rhapsodical cant. Effusions of condolence with the bereaved, and prayers of sympathy, and exhortations to resignation, are from such a man nauseous and disgusting. He is, however, now Perpetual Curate of Ditchmore, and if he does not considerably astonish the patron of that valuable preferment before many years elapse, we, who are watching for something extraordinary, shall be glad ; for the reputation of parsons is dear to our hearts.

Curates are a meek, yet not humble race of *passoon*. In the Rector's presence they defer greatly to his opinion, and largely imbibe his notions. But they are self-confident withal, and are the oracle and delight of many a quiet village, which, as one passes it on the railway, looks all unconscious of such a treasure trove. Well did a friend relate to the present parson-naturalist a story of his travelling experience, and how by firelight's fairy flicker he saw and watched (sad rogue he was for doing so,) a curate's exploits in a country rectory. Either the train glided softly and slowly past out of respect to the grey old walls of the village parsonage, or domestic noises overcame its rumble, or love is heedless, or explanation needless. But ah, stipendiary Curate, little did you guess, as you watched that elderly man, the Rector, out of the room, that one was watching *you* from vantage high ; little did you anticipate, fond man, that you would figure in a book of parsons ; little did you dream as you stole up to the pianoforte

and nervously stooped over the lady, that Lynx's friend had sharp eyes. What are you doing, Curate? And is the young lady aware of your proceedings? No, surely no; for the reverend gentleman, unless the light from the cheerful grate is deceptive, which such a joyous-looking blaze never could be, stoops lower and lower yet, till—a crisis takes place in the fates and prospects of one young couple. It is painful to think of the little cottage, and the struggles with poverty, which that kiss may have led to! of the dreams of joy, and the gilded future, succeeded by awakenings of sorrow and hard present—no bishoprick, no archdeaconry, no rectory—but toil for bread and bare respectability!

But perhaps 'tis only a flirtation. Any way the boldness of curates is proven.

The authenticity of this touching episode may be doubted. If it should be so, I am sure my friend would be sorry. He wishes it to be believed, but can give no name. Indeed he knows not the name, but only the time and place.

The path of the curate is beset by many difficulties. If he marry for love, as every honest man ought, and if his love bring him no "interest," he is poor for life. If he marry for interest, or for money, it is generally some fierce old maid who will make him miserable all his days. If he marry not at all, he is but increasing temptations; for his attentions will certainly be distracted from his duties by a thousand attacks of forlorn hopes and invitations to gay or serious parties.

At present a premium is put upon bustle and self-seeking in the unbeneficed. The cases of real dessert are commonly overlooked, while others are considered of paramount concern. When merit is the road to eminence, then the unbeneficed clergy will be as a

body—what already they are in many unrewarded instances—high-principled, devoted, persevering, and acceptable ; not merely as pleasant companions, but to the people at large—now so numerously alienated from our Church, her services, and her ministers, by inattention and unconcern.

Lynx is no radical. If a patron have a son or a relative worthy of his father's living, that son has an indisputable first claim. If a Bishop has a learned and suitable friend, let him and others of like connection have the Episcopal good things. But let not careless young offshoots of noble houses, imbecile members of the aristocracy, or scapegraces just redeemed from profligacy, be preferred over the heads of their betters, who plod, unweariedly, through thickly populated alleys, and conscientiously, with an eye only to the Great Master's approval, do the work of evangelists in truth and sincerity among hordes neglected by every other agency.

The unbeneficed are the means, and the only means, by which the Church of England is to become popular, and to take its own proper ground as the Church of the People. Recreation Associations, Working Men's Societies, Reading Rooms, even Sunday Schools, will not do what is to be done. So long as poor people see that curates are fine gentlemen, or mere idlers, so long as there is no, or but little inducement to them to be otherwise, so long as the Church is a snug profession for gentlemanly drones—so long will the parsons, and the Church, and the Schools be increasingly distrusted. What matters it to a sick man, or a man in distress, or a man in doubt, whether his parson be this, that, or the other, if he be not easily approachable and always in his parish. And if the stuff of which

curates are made is inferior, so will be as a matter of course the material of full blown dignitaries. Cabinet-makers and upholsterers reject unsound wood, and so secure a good table or a good cabinet. Bishops are not so wise; perhaps because they do not make parsons for sale.

CAW! CAW!

SCRIBBLING OR WRITING. (W. P.)

Cacoethes Scribendi are two words, for the use of which the English language ought to feel deeply grateful to the Latin. They were made to be united, so expressive is their union. Whether they had evinced a liking for one another in earlier days, fictionists tell not; an omission which may not inappropriately be supplied by the pen of a factionist. Couldn't one make a history out of it?

In days of yore, when the world of words was less populous, and when each new birth was warmly welcomed, was born the infant Cacoethes. His parents, two old Greeks, Kakos and Ethos, early devoted their child, with true Grecian heroism, to the good of the Republic of Letters. Cacoethes entered the service of the State before his infancy had ripened into intelligence. But after a time, the boy became dissatisfied with the office he filled. His functions led him only into the company of the evil disposed and vicious; for he had been elected to the post of their herald, or historian. Great persons, and great states, have in all ages had their poets, criers, buffoons, and historians. The city of London, even to this day, retains its share of antique officers—relics of the golden past; and the House of Commons has several nondescript individuals who, without any formal pay or recognition, undertake the duties of buffoon, motley, bulldog, and other respectabilities.

Cacoethes was not the Describer-general, but filled a minor post, called the "Describership of the persever-

ingly bad." It was mortifying to be addressed only as "Mr. Describer of the bad," instead of "Mr. Describer-general." For Cacoethes was ambitious. He coveted titles of distinction; inheriting from his mother a family claim to the describership-general—nepotism was even in those days too prevalent—he wished to climb ambition's ladder, and pluck the pale moon down from her exalted eminence, as Shakespeare hath it, or ought to have it.

Well, but aspirations do not always become realities, as curates well can testify. So Cacoethes pined in secret over his misfortunes. His race were never committed to prison, but always to parchment; a region full of griefs and disappointments, sometimes bleaker than Siberian wilds, sometimes sadder than the fabled realms of Pluto. To parchment, in accordance with the ancient traditions of his race, was Cacoethes often committed. While thus confined, for no crime of his own, but rather perhaps with the merciful idea, that a change might raise his spirits, he was seen by a Roman of learning. The judge who had committed him, one Aristotle, being dead and buried, the stranger, who was struck with his appearance, made proposals to him to come to Italy.

Here was an opening not to be neglected. True, alas! how true, the youth of Cacoethes had been wasted in blighted, cribbed, and cofined aspirations. Then, as now, the generous ambitions of youth were chilled by neglect. But he looked forward to a renewal of his youth under the balmy skies of Italy. Like an aged veteran, who has outlived hope, and has its object put before him just as his life is fading away into resigned contentment—like as such a one resumes for a moment, at the glad fulfilment, his youthful fire: as the dull eye

gleams, and the feeble limb aims in vain at former vigour, and the deadened pulse is quickened, so did the gladness of Cacoethes irradiate for a moment his withered face.

To Italy he went. He was disappointed once more. The only change made in his appointment was, that he was now "substantive describer," whereas he used to be "describer adjective." His present post was more responsible; but he was not happy. He was looked coldly upon. "Not one of ourselves," said jealous individuals of the same rank in life. And, as Cacoethes was not a bully, and scorned to be a sneak, young scrubs, who had by sufferance just crept into society, tried to be merry at the old Greek's expense.

Of course, in time he lived down much of this, but it preyed still upon his mind. At length he thought to overcome prejudice by a union in marriage with some local family. That is, he did not intend to marry the whole family, but a single member of the same.

The Scribos were ancient, honourable, and in the best society at Rome. There were three unmarried daughters, Scribendi, Scribendo, Scribendum, called, for shortness, Di, Do, and Dum. Of these, Di was the prettiest, if prettiness can be called an attribute of old maids, and the most noticed. She had flirted with the Adjectives, old and young, a long time. The sisters were in truth, all too much given to flirting. But Cacoethes preferred a flirt to a prude, and had a theory of his own in these matters which he intended to carry into practice.

The two began to be noticed together in Roman society. Of course the usual amount of speeches from Scandal, Kindness, and Conjecture were afloat in the usual proportions. But Di invited all three to an evening

party, and the simplicity and zest with which each of them sung "I'm afloat," caused her much amusement. Scandal's voice was loudest, Kindness's sweetest, and Conjecture's lowest and most timid.

"Cacoethes dear," said Di, after they were gone, "did you notice the voice of Scandal, how cracked it was? Kindness's had a much gentler and more musical effect."

But our novelette is getting inexcusably long. The two were married, with great rejoicings and merriment at the wedding. Poets not priests united the beings of the race we are describing, seldom by poetical license, but generally, as in the case of Cacoethes, in the more legitimate way. It was always left to the poets to determine the time and place of marriage—a custom which made gentlemen cautious of shewing improper attentions never meant to be fulfilled. So Juvenal, a noted poet, summoned them to his presence one evening, told them they had courted long enough, and said he should join them next morning—which he did. They became man and wife, and the register may be seen by the curious in Satire VII. The marriage line is 53.

But the beauty and expressiveness of Scribendi is destroyed by the ill-name of Cacoethes. The ravages of time were nothing compared to loss of respectability. "Incurable" was the brief word Juvenal applied to the union, in an undertone of plaintive regret, yet not so low but that many heard and afterwards remembered it. Where Cacoethes is found you will presently find Scribendi. Is there any grievance arising from Cacoethes' doings? Scribendi is the repository. Murders, thefts, petty troubles, the injured honour of apprentice boys—ills arising from Cacoethes' presence—are committed to the safe keeping of Scribendi, who takes them to the

newspapers, and creates a stir about them. Some people think *Scribendi* is become as bad as *Cacoethes*, and their English descendants, the *Scribblers*, are the abhorrence of the times.

If you would not have *Cacoethes*, keep *Scribendi* at a proper distance—clergymen especially. The Rev. Mr. Faber managed to separate the two; so has the Rev. Mr. Melville, and the author of "*Yeast*," and the Rev. Mr. Keble, and the Rev. Mr. Ryle; so in former days did Bishop Butler and Dr. Paley. None of these are or were *Scribblers*. They are writers of sincerity and under self-control. They don't write madly but with earnestness. But average parsons are less temperate: they have neither will strong enough, nor discretion good enough, to be scribes without being scribblers. Therefore again, scribe not, ye clerics.

The scribbling parson, ignorant of the loves of his ancestors, scribbles on for notoriety or cash, (not meaning the excellent publisher of this booklet.) He fully believes that primates and bishops have their eye upon him. He thinks they would gladly purchase his silence. But no—he has a mission, and he will perform it. The abuses of the Church, the wild wool-gathering notions of public speakers, these and other "*tremendous follies*" he has no patience with.

Neither does he consider that his own work, his own humble pains-taking care, would be *his* best contribution to an amended state of things; that if all the parsons of England and Ireland were W. P.s, the poor would be badly tended, the pulpits badly served, the parsons' households badly managed, and the church on the high road to contempt and ruin.

No, *he* is the man for the times. *Cacoethes scribendi*—a madness for scribbling—a forcing himself upon the

eyes of the world—is his meat and drink, his poison and destruction. “The eyes of England are upon you,” so bewitching an admonition to provincial electors, is the constant thought of the W. P. If he cannot afford to speculate in book writing, he indites long letters to newspapers. Every new paper that is started he sends a contribution to, with “my card enclosed;” and laboriously scribbles away till either the new paper dies, or can afford to shake him off. Pamphlets he glories in. Addresses to the people of England he composes by the dozen, reading them over in manuscript to his patients till some wag, less patient than the rest, advises him to print. This he does, with a dedication—written simply, but forcibly. His title page generally assumes such a form as the following:—

SHOULD BISHOPS BE TYRANTS?

OR,

THOUGHTS ON THE LATE SMITH DECISION :

A QUESTION FOR THE TIMES.

BY

SIMEON SLOW, A.M.,

SOMETIME FELLOW OF SYMPHONY COLLEGE, GREATPLACE, NOW RECTOR
OF ST. ANDREWS, BUCKLETON, AND PERPETUAL CURATE OF NEW CHURCH.

Greatplace, NOAKES; London, STILES; Buckleton, JONES & Co.

1818.

Slow's productions are not *all* rubbish. But his vows were “to be diligent in prayers and in reading the Holy Scriptures,” “to lay aside the study of the world

and the flesh," "to frame and fashion his own self and his own family," after a certain doctrine, "to make both himself and them wholesome examples to the flock," "to set forward quietness, peace, and love," "to reverently obey his ordinary," and such like things.

Whereas, Slow the scribbler is a sloven in person, and a dullard in the pulpit. All his polish and vigour are expended in pamphletizing and letter-writing. He is never happy except when "my last letter to the *English Churchman*," or "my rap at the Bishop of Saline and Tepid," is under discussion. Give him the least novelty, a *Mechanics' Institute*, or a new street, and you will see in the bookseller's window of his small country town—"Shortly will be published, 'Are Reading rooms benefits, or are they curses? by &c., &c.,'" or "The proposed new street—what is its object, tendency, and influence." If he sees two boys fighting in the square, his little study is put into immediate request; his wife is locked out for hours, or only just admitted, with a cup of tea and a sandwich, for about three minutes; and, as the result of this fussy abstraction, a small tract, headed "The poor of our country, 1d. a piece, or 5s. per 100," amuses W. P.'s neighbours and friends.

To some of these sketches, stories are attached,* written by representatives of their species. I dare not ask W. P. for one. He would, "in strict confidence," tell the *Morning Advertiser* that "a distinguished layman" was about to publish a work, of national interest, on the clergy of the country; and then my precious M.S. would go into my study fire. I, too, have a study.

Never trust a scribbler.

* These are omitted, *Da locum melioribus, i. e.,* be guided by second sights.

W. P. is not always a dullard in his sermons. He prepares some of higher pretensions for the press. They have some striking title, perhaps "Faint, yet pursuing," "Schism punished, or, are you a Churchman," "Danger," "The Thief," &c. On the execution of any noted murderer, the pulpit of W. P. is pretty sure to follow in the wake of the street hawkers, and regale the Sunday attention of more respectable devourers by a description of the "speech, confession, and last moments." Publication follows. "Palmer as a friend—Palmer as an example—Palmer as the inhabitant of a scaffold," edifies the town and country round.

HOBBY-HORSE. (H. H. P.)

ENTER hobby-horse parson, trotting upon his last new favorite. The rider has an inane and foolish stare, with a restless fidgetty uneasiness in head, and legs, and arms. He is in look and manner a mixture of country squire, town fashionable, and candidate archdeacon; and gives one the idea of a nobody-somebody. If that idea is not intelligible, it just represents hobby parson himself.

So much for the rider. The ridden is chameleon-like, and can best be described by saying that he is *not* like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Considered as the particular hobby now in exercise, he is foreign to our purpose. A hobbydom, like a mayoralty, is an office, not an individual. The last new favorite is therefore merged in the above description of the dynasty of hobbies.

Now for the tract of country ridden over.

Roughshod is a large and most respectable parish in one of the home counties. Squires, farmers, and labourers, with a sprinkling of shopkeepers, make up together a straggling population of two or three thousand individuals.

Nature, as the saying is, intended Roughshod to remain all its life the sober, humdrum, contented, unnoticed, out-of-the-way parish and village, she found it. But Nature must have been gone to the sea-side, or been ill, or been thinking of other things and other

places, when the present vicar was appointed. On the whole, it was probably Nature's grief at the death of the old vicar which took away her attention from his successor's appointment. Appointed his successor speedily was, and came to the parish with an evident wish and intention to be active and energetic.

His name is Musgrave—no offence to the Archbishop. It is *not* Musgrave, but we will call it so. Wilberforce Brown Musgrave. The vicar signs it "W. Brown Musgrave," and is called in the immediate neighbourhood, Mr. Brownmusgrave. Not that there is any other Musgrave to be distinguished from, but that the Brown-Musgraves themselves are particular on the point, the pater having taken it up originally as a fancied mark of high-churchism, (one of the hobbies he retains a lasting affection for). The daughters are called the Miss Brown Musgraves, and separately Miss Brown-Musgrave and Miss Emma Brown-Musgrave.

Vicarius commenced his vicarial career with John Dobbs, elsewhere mentioned, as his curate. But he soon left off keeping a curate. His neighbours had none, at least none of the stipendiary kind. They gave titles to men of "birth and blood," who did what they liked, and waited for family livings. Mr. Musgrave was on the look-out for a curate of this description. It is generally thought that Topsy was the only individual who "grow'd." But since the Reverend Brown looked upon "birth and blood" as being privileges belonging to only a small section of society, and since Rev. B. is an accurate and well-read man, it must be, that the lists of births one finds in parish registers are mostly inserted by the Baron Munchausen, and that lancets and leeches are useful only for the upper classes.

Some years ago, wise folks began to talk of education. The Vicar of Roughshod caught the infection, and talked of education too. Soon was raised, in place of the old parochial school, a handsome new building within walking distance of the vicarage. From this time the aspect of affairs at Roughshod was entirely changed. The rooks held council about leaving. The church began to look more gay and less devotional on each returning Sunday. The farmers' daughters learnt French, and ceased to churn. Roughshod news appeared on more than one occasion in the county paper. But let us not anticipate.

The new school was opened with much state. An M.P. who had written educational pamphlets was present, and made a speech. He had great confidence, he said, in his friend Mr. Brown-Musgrave, and he was sure the parents might have confidence too. It was a cause of deep thankfulness to him (the speaker), and to them (the listeners), that such a zealous vicar had come to take charge of the parish. When he looked around (and here the honourable gentleman appeared to have discovered for the first time that he was in the new parochial schools of Roughshod), and saw the noble structure in which they were assembled, and compared it with the school of former times, he did not hesitate to say he felt personally indebted to his friend for having given him the privilege of subscribing towards the scheme. He then expressed his opinions on education generally, and on the spread of intelligence, and sat down amid the unmeasured approbation of the company.

There were few of the parents at that meeting. Those who were pressed into the service had much rather have stayed at home. More than one eye was moistened at mention and recollection of the old ivy-covered

schoolroom where their fathers and themselves had spent some of the happy hours of their childhood. But the poetry and good taste which are confined to the hearts of the poor are ignored. It requires fashion or fine writing to preserve an old house, or a venerable relic. If it is not a ruin, and does not strike the attention of any fashionable antiquarian, down it goes into the grave of the things that are not. Its only existence from thenceforth is in the memory of the passing generation. The silent looks of sadness, the melancholy thoughts, the snapped and disregarded chains of attachment, and quiet tears of consecrating sorrow, are too true and deep to be chattered into notice. They are incorporated into the heavy and growing feeling of loneliness, which is permitted to lighten the prospect of death, and mercifully lessen the love of life.

The new schools were town-like, systematic, and march-of-intellect like. The humbler classes having left the inauguration meeting with confused and muddled heads, a dinner at the vicarage invited the notice of the gentry. It was a scene of gaiety and rattle, but care was taken to preserve the educational character of the affair. Education was several times alluded to in pointed terms, and several drawings of the new schools were scattered up and down. There was also an importation, after dinner, of the new master and mistress. They came to be shewn to the company. The mistress was modest, and answered diffidently; but the master being trained ("a Battersea man" the vicar said,) was not to be snubbed. He was doggedly independent, and lionedly rampant. The educational M. P. having suggested the desirableness of having the portraits of Battersea and his wife affixed to one of the drawings of the school, the trained master became exasperated. He

said, "perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Walker, (M. P. and lady,) and also their baby, would kindly attach *their* likenesses." Such ferocity nipped patronage in the bud; but the Vicar muttered an apology. Battersea man was "a diamond in the rough." This encouraged a blue young lady to inquire of the lion, whether "they paid much attention to mathematics in Battersea College." Koh-i-noor answered briefly, that they chiefly studied what would be useful afterwards, that in fact, they "minded their own business." The diamond was after this left in peace, as being scarcely worth a formal cutting.

Next thing was the inspector. Mr. Musgrave, at first, objected to inspection, but subsequently was eager for it. The inspector who came gave great weight to "general tone"—looked less at knowledge than at deportment and manners. The tone of Roughshod he liked, and reported to that effect.

So far, so good. That the vicar consulted the *Illustrated News*, about having his schools inserted in the "Nooks and Corners," that Musgrave was spoken of as a probable archdeacon, that model youths were pointed at as coming from Roughshod—was no great harm.

But hobby-horses change. Hobby No. 1 had scarcely time to be ridden into notice before No. 2 supplanted the poor old hack. The boys and girls began to languish, the master and mistress were coldly treated and gave notice, the youths from Roughshod ceased to be pointed at as models, the lingering sickness which withdrawn notice inflicts came like a blight over the whole business. Why couldn't Mr. B. M. have left things as he found them? It was to a thoughtful man an alternative, between quiescence and perseverance; but as B. M. was only an excitable man, he cut away the

alternative, and inserted in place of its two horns, the calf's head of bustle and fitfulness.

Hobby No. 2 was a village club. The old people of the parish were summoned together, and told about the imperfections of the public house clubs. A new one was originated. It had its day, and then as usual followed night—the night of neglect and poverty.

To this succeeded minor fancies and practices. The medical mania, the farming fever, the lecturing hobby, with many and divers others. Mr. B. M. operated upon most of the decayed teeth, and several of the sound ones, in the parish of Roughshod, and kept specimens of dentistry in his library. He began to write a book of domestic physic, and wrote four chapters treating upon hydrophobia, measles, toothache, and the means of restoring drowned persons. Being stopped in this benevolent pursuit, he next tired of farming. Lecturing he never was popular in. "The next thing," as cheap Johns say, "shall be something else."

The scripture-reader hobby demands a more formal history. "A most excellent man," who had been foot-man in a pious family, was brought from London. Like Cæsar, he came, and saw, and conquered. He was the rage. He dined at the vicarage in a very tight frock coat and bony trowsers—that is, trowsers which strongly developed the structure of his knees and shins. He was driven out in the vicarial chaise. He was the man of Roughshod, and more famous in his way than the man of Ross. He had hopes of ordination and the living. What was his surprise and grief one day, on "going in familiarly, and quite in a friendly way," as he had been told he might, to find the vicar cold and repulsive. Laying down a book of Dean Dawes's, which he seemed to have been intently studying, the vicar asked

if Mr. F. "wanted anything particular;" and, as F. did not want anything particular, he retired in sorrow and humility.

I am sorry I put that in about the footmanhood. It was inserted in a moment of wrath, and my readers, who, I hope, are Scripture readers also, will scratch it out of their recollection. It would look like cowardice to expunge it, therefore let it stay. But poor F. was hardly used, and though not exactly fit for a Scripture-reader, his feelings are as respectable as another's. Therefore you will never know him, my friends and purchasers.

F's departure was soon forgotten, (for Roughshod was now full of politics, Church-rate discussions, and meeting-houses). The book which Mr. B. M. had laid aside on the eventful morning, when F. had recounted the cold water reception, was the book which sealed his fate. Dean Dawes, as everybody knows, wrote a book about his famous school at King's Somborne, and advocated the improvement of agricultural education. Musgrave clutched at the idea. "Middleclass education" was now the rage. He went about among the farmers, and urged them to send their children to the village school. But farmers could not be persuaded. They did not see why their sons, any more than the sons of Mr. B. M. should mix with labourers' children. They were illiberal, but they were obstinate.

In this strait, an old educational endowment was brought into notice. Roughshod boasted in six months of a "Middleclass grammar school." Two middle class boys divided the attention of "a superior master," who had a brother at Cambridge. The M. P. hovered near Roughshod. "My middle school," cast still deeper

into the shade "the national school." And the Arch-deaconry loomed up again.

But just now the vicar is engaged in a crusade against Sunday schools, and this negative hobby has supplanted for the time all others.

What becomes of the parish under such a rule?

Ask the parishioners.

MARE'S NEST. (M. N. P.)

HERE we must be careful. M. N. P. is a watchful man. I tremble for my project. The ordinary peruser and patron of this true parson-ography suspects no guile. But before the great Mare's Nest man,—the medicine man of civilization, the wise man of the west, the magus of modern times, I stand revealed in all my black colours.

Let me then confess, with sorrow of heart, lest the great discoverer of equine nests, the Captain Cook of the stable department of modern investigation, the Columbus of the regions of conjecture, should in his wanderings, while searching in large oak trees and sylvan streams for his favourite structures, discover me also.

This book, professing to be light and superficial, is dark and deep. Do you see the cabalistic letters at the head of each article? They have their meaning. W. P., letters seemingly used to denote the scribbling parson, are in reality a short cipher for "Whoop! Whoop!" intended as a poetical version of "Up, guards, and at them." It is addressed by me, a black visaged emissary of the Pope, to papists in general. I am aware of the scaffold; but my duty to my fellow romanists is done. Aha! and F. P.—*that* you think alludes to Fast Parson, do you? Innocent dove! Those letters mean nothing more, and nothing less, than "*Fire the Parliament houses.*" Having failed in

my intention of setting fire to the river on which London is situated, my next attempt will be upon parliament assembled.

Oh, I'm a dreadful character! Guy Fawkes's blood is in my veins,—I'm on my native heath,—my name's Destruction! I thirst for the lives of many. I bide my time. England, beware!

There now, having confessed myself like a true Catholic, I may go on delinquentizing.

The Mare's Nest man knows the "under current" of everything. He it was who told Mr. Disraeli of the secret treaty between France and Austria. Bless you, *he* knew it all along, did he. He is employed by many of the newspapers. He knows things which no one else knows, or can know. He is at the bottom of why "*the Union*" was started; why Dr. Hook isn't made a bishop; who wrote the article in the *Morning Post*, which Canon Trevor did *not* write; he's at the bottom of the Administrative Reform Association, of the National Club, in fact, of most things. He would, if a layman, and a candidate for a seat in Parliament, be at the bottom of the poll for any place in England, except perhaps the county of Bucks, or the loyal town of Longrange. He it was who first found out "how to make the best of both worlds," and detected the secret designs of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Nothing escapes him. Inferior intellects take things as they find them. M. N. P. goes to the root, withdraws the curtain, dives below the surface.

And the nests he finds! Oh dear, how beautiful, and how many! No schoolboy in spring is so fortunate, or so happy. He spares not. Up they come from beneath, down they come from on high, at the discoverer's touch. Whereas alchemists sought how to convert all things by

touch into gold, the keen subject of our memoir has found it easy to convert everything he sees into a Mare's Nest. Jesuits in disguise are his favourite prey. He saw Archdeacon Thorpe come out of a Roman Catholic chapel, when on his travels. Did he let the venerable archdeacon escape? Not he. The nest was safely conveyed from fatherland to mother country, there to be cruelly torn to pieces by the archdeacon's own hand; very deliberately, and very calmly, but into very little bits.

When Gladstone complimented Disraeli, just after the secret treaty business, M. N. P. was in full force. The church was to be handed over to the tender mercies of Dr. Newman, but the Rev. Titus Oates Sharp frustrated the plot. He found out how Samuel of Oxford had reconciled the Derby cheeses and the popish Peelites, and he raised the cry of Gloucester to the rescue. Balk him of his discoveries, check the ardour of his investigations, and he will treat you largely and loudly to a new and amended version of "What's to become of the pla-at?" after the fashion of his namesake of historical reputation.

T. O. Sharpe's brother, the Rev. Bennett Octave Cleverley, suspects good societies of all kinds, because he thinks they come from *The Record*. Hearing a poor person speak of keeping a record of his trials during one of his pastoral visits, he bolted incontinently from the door, muttering—"takes in *The Record*, does he?—won't do for me—they want to shew up my parish I suppose." And for the next three weeks the good gentleman was ferreting out the agencies which his fond imagination pictured as being "spread like net-work all over the kingdom," deriving their source from the office of the unoffending tri-weekly just alluded to.

Let me say here, that there are real jesuitical sneaks, though not Jesuits, in the proper sense of the term, in the Church of England. Proof. The editor of a periodical, consigned for the last few years to total oblivion, was in the habit of writing fictions of his own invention to the editor of *The Record*. The same scrupulous individual afterwards, after they appeared in that paper, used to *contradict* them in his own. Such conduct would disgrace any gentleman in England, or Ireland, or Scotland, or anywhere else in the civilised world. Our informant derided our just indignation. "All things are fair in love and war," said informant.

To return from the digression. The sermons of M. N. P. are wonderful—literally full of deep things. Texts which to you and me, good friend of the shilling, look rather clear and simple than otherwise, he dissects and dives into. Symbols and figures—mysteries and developments—are drawn from the veriest barrennesses. And the Book of Revelation is the favourite study. We are trespassing. Let us pause.

M. N. P. is harmless. He could not exist if he were compelled to cry—

"Othello's occupation's gone."

His last words would be a suggestion that Shakspeare alluded to the destruction of the papacy, and then he would shuffle off the stage.

His beaming looks of unconcealed delight, when success attends his footsteps, would convert a heathen, or melt a sceptic. He disburthens himself of his discovery at a public meeting, if that discovery is ominously great. One great object of Convocation is to afford free scope for the discussions of M. N. P. Fail-

ing that, and waiting for that, an early rush is made to the first convenient platform.

Suppose the meeting to be Missionary, and Tomkins to have seen a bishop talking in a friendly way to a curate. "And in relation to savage settlements, I will mention a little incident (sensation and slight rustling,) which my own eyes (the quality of ladies dresses plainly demonstrated) witnessed." Event mentioned, but names concealed. "Now it may not appear how this relates to the work, but it does. When high and low unite, ('the result is tallow,' mutters an insubordinate member of a boys' school, to his nearest neighbour)—really, if friends will be good enough to listen quietly, I shall soon have finished,—when high and low unite, there is generally some object in view. That learned prelate is known to have favourable leanings to this society. That young man, I may freely say is going out as a missionary—and not only as a missionary, but as a missionary to the very place you have been this evening invited to help forward. (Cheers and rustling.) I tell you I fully believe that there is an understanding—an *understanding*—among clergy of all opinions and shades, that they have held aloof *long enough*. (Great applause.) And now all we want is a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether. (Immense cheering, especially from the boys' school, which is fond of birds'-nesting, therefore probably of beasts'-nesting also.) Let us imitate the bishop and the curate, my friends!" Then follows peroration, Tomkins becomes the lion of the meeting, and most persons feel a strong desire to imitate the bishop and curate, evincing the same by a general friendly buzz.

Dear, dear man. Why are *you* introduced? Why weren't you left in peace to your wee amusement?

Because noodles shouldn't be parsons, good man.
We've enough dangerous people in orders, without
any importations from the land of soft and muffish
noodledom.

SENTIMENTAL. (S. P.)

SOMETIMES called poetical. A few words will despatch him. This "young clergyman" looks musingly into vacant space, unconscious of the material world, and its material wants. He closely resembles the "earth-spurning sprite" of Batty's circus, being (mentally) all flowers and spangles. Nothing but a dreamy young lady, or a lovely flower, can bring him down to solid ground. His sermons are transcendently beautiful, and bring tears to many eyes, including his own. A fledgling of this description gave us an extempore sermon once upon the waves of the sea-shore. That is, the waves were his subject, *not* his seat. He dilated upon their ceaseless, voiceful sound and motion, creeping over the senses, like sweet music. Tears and sunny smiles rewarded his efforts. By some means or other, he collected a largeish congregation. A friend went to hear him, and gave him a little good, vigorous, and sound advice. The etherial young man listened, and profited. A sensible wife bettered him still more; but a certain *soubriquet* clings to him still. As he was, is not yet absorbed in as he is. Beware my young clerical friends, of
THE POETICS.

JOLLY. (J. P.)

Loquitur. Argue with them, did you say? No such thing. I had enough of argument the other day to last me for a long time. I was riding over to the little church at Netwood one Sunday morning, and as I always do, was looking about me. "John Humphrey, on the top of a haystack!" thought I—"what can be the meaning of this?" So I rode up to see if it *was* John. There he was, sure enough, working away with might and main.

"Ah—good morning, John."

"Mornin', sir," touching his hat.

"Very fine morning, John."

"'Is, sir—it's a fine mornin'."

"Yes, John—it *is* a fine morning. Ought to be going to Church, eh? Not working top o' hay stacks on *Sundays*, John!"

"I guess *you* wouldn't goo to Church if you wasn't paid for't, Mr. Dixon."

Quite finished me with this, did John—hadn't a word to say for myself—glad to change the subject, and get away as fast as I could.

"Well, well; good morning, John."

"Good mornin', sir," *not* touching his hat.

Oh, don't tell me of arguing with them. You're sure to get the worst of it. They're as sly as foxes. You can't get at them if you try for years. Why, sir, they're half of them Chartists, I tell you. They *will*

have the last word ; and a good thing for you if they don't make *you* look very like a fool, sir, as I did that Sunday morning.

The above is a simple fact. The hero therein immortalized is a very good-tempered, jolly fellow, who would have made an excellent farmer or country gentleman, but who is far from being a model "parish priest."

His one good point, and his one great point—for both good and great it undoubtedly is—is sincerity. There are worse parsons than the Jolly Parson ; but that there should be so, is no credit to J. P. himself—rather it is a disgrace to the Church.

MERRY ANDREW. (M. A. P.)

It's a pleasure to quote hacknied sayings, because every one now-a-days has such an intense craving after originality. So have I. But I shall be original in the neglect of originality. There's unquity for you!

"One step from the sublime to the ridiculous," is what I was going to write, when it occurred to me how very common place it is to quote old sayings, without first preparing the mind to receive them. Now for the application:—

Parsonic sublimity = Solemn rigidity.

Parsonic ridiculousness = Joe Millerism and buffoonery.

The connection between the two is thus evidenced:

We laugh at and pity the one—

We nearly laugh at, and pity the other.

The one step between occasionally vanishes.

It is said of Leighton, (I think Bishop Burnet says it,) "that he had brought himself to so composed a gravity" as never to laugh, and scarcely ever to smile. Very likely, and upon *him*, it sat well enough. If the present Archbishop of Canterbury were to appear habitually in public with moustachios and a beard, I should never think of laughing at him. There are some men with whom we have little to do except in the way of veneration. John Wesley, and Bishop Wilson (of Sodor and Man), among them.

But for ordinary prigs to starch up their faces to a

match with their chokers is—let's see—what? Why, its sublimity ready to jump into the next box.

Let's look into the next box. Eh, What! *Spurgeon* there? (He's *not* a parson you say. Well, never mind, he's sure to read this, and we don't confine our morsels of good advice to churchmen.) What brought *you* there, Mr. Spurgeon? You wish to do good, not a doubt of that; and you're improving; but there's room still. We've bought and read several of your sermons, and if you drop a little of your familiarity, and all your jaunty freedom, you will do.

Mr. Spurgeon doesn't crack jokes in the Joe Miller or circus-clown style. Some parsons do. Their very advent is "Here we are again," without the cap and bells. They come in with a joke, they go out with a pun; generally in both cases of the most execrable kind. They watch the course of conversation as an angler watches a trout stream; only, the angler keeps on the bank, whereas the jocose parson flounders into the middle of the stream. Not possessing the real wit of the Rev. J. B. Owen, clerical smirkers, and punsters, and gigglers, and jokers, are in the way, and ought to be kicked out. They don't appreciate anything but kicks. The Rev. Mountebank Eternal Broadgrin, is a well known example. He is never abashed by failure, or snubbed by coolness. My reader has doubtless seen the heroes of the equestrian ring fail in their attempts at alighting upon a horse's back, after jumping through a paper hoop. These ingenious mortals spring up with graceful bows, and smiling looks, as if the tumble had been intended for a part of the performance, and after an unfathomable and mysterious sound, between a "hi!" and a "he!" and a "ha!" they caper about again as

joyously as fools. Thus, to compare great things with small, revives the Rev. M. E. Broadgrin. His good temper is unruffleable, his jocosity inextinguishable, his india-rubber temperament unmeltable and irrepressible. Therefore kick him, when he is in the way of the great sweeping brush, which men call reform.

PUSEYITE. (P. P.)

1. "Breakers ahead!"

2. "Leave parties alone, my good fellow."

No. 1. was the exclamation of a "well-wisher" to—

No. 2. The advice of a "constant reader" of this "Book of Parsons."

But, notwithstanding my cherished hopes that both No. 1. and No. 2. will invest largely in its purchase, the Puseyite Parson shall appear—side by side with the Evangelical. Why should he not? The mere description of an animal evinces no liking or assimilation towards the creature. Buffon describes the tiger, the cat, and other feline animals. Is Buffon therefore a large tom-cat? Has Buffon strong leanings towards the species cat? Might Buffon ever have been seen on all fours, prowling about his house in search of something to eat? Did Buffon, as a general habit, evince satisfaction by purring? Would Buffon have pursued to the death, the author of that great production advertised in the February number of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, as "The Church-rate Question, by a Country Mouse?" Was Buffon ever called Pussey, because he wrote about pussies? Forbid it, common sense and sober judgment. We do indeed read that

"Oh judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason, bear with me."

But then it does not add

"Oh instincts! ye are come to reasoning men,
And beasts have lost their habits, bear with me."

Nor has "bear with me" any such meaning as "be a bear with me"—i. e., wander over the empire of Russia, and try a skate across the polar regions. As the result of a careful search for the Fathers, indeed after paying part of the hire of the boat, in which they went to Philippi, my dear mother being aware that I was abroad, I have come to the deliberate conclusion, that a man may describe a tractarian, shake hands with a tractarian, read Tract No. XC., dine at the house of a tractarian, and I might almost add, be on friendly terms with a tractarian, and yet be unsuspected—no, not that, have a right to be unsuspected, I mean, of stolen excursions to the Pope's Toe, or stealthy visits to the confessional of Father O'Blarney.

P. P. is great in externals. Church architecture, the build of a coat, the postures and positions, the angles and sweeps and bends of the body clerical, together with the pitch and toss of the voice clerical, (if the voice can be called an external), are familiar household topics with our friend who is "going to Rome." His church is a correct specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, and always consistent with itself, if P. P. have the wherewith to make it so. His garments are to say the least precise and priestly. A bit of what looks like broad white tape, without ends or bow, forms the P. P. necktie. The vest is like a cassock—my tailor who has also the custom of some P. P.'s calls it "cossack," in the firm persuasion that it comes from Russia—and reveals but a small portion of the tape, that small portion being in front. Coat tails, somewhat like one sees behind an ambitious youth, who dons his daddy's coat, repaired and taken in, but not shortened. I never see a P. P. without feeling a painful certainty that his father is a tall man, with a large family of grown-up

children, and an inconsiderable fortune, together with a cheap tailor, and a stock of antediluvian garments.

As in the case of A. P. there are many varieties, from your fop who thinks it very fine to create a sensation, to your quixotic Rev. Mr. Bennett, who ought forthwith to set out on his travels and do battle for heterodoxy snubbed, and orthodoxy persecuted, all over the world, accompanied by some "dangerous" young puseyite as Sancho Panza: and further yet to George Anthony Denison, Archdeacon of Taunton, who is the best tractarian in all England. Ah, George Anthony, turn again Anthony! Archdeacon Anthony! Would that Taunton bells run out such inviting chimes as the friendly clappers which hailed the departing Whittington! It is hard for Cæsar to cross the Rubicon, hard to go back into his province—but duty, my brave archdeacon, duty, Reverend Sir! The verge of a stream to be crossed or retreated from is never a dignified or a pleasant post. Plunge in or retire, if you value your character for courage and honesty.

There are relations amicable between Advancement and Puseyism. A. P. is on friendly terms with P. P. A. P. sometimes becomes P. P. The transition is easy, as see below.

CHAPTER I.

Fast young gentleman, three months before ordination, supposed to be reading for orders.

Addresses a cabman plying in the streets of a fashionable town.—"I say, Cabbie," (pron. "Kebbie.")

Cabby (touching his hat respectfully).—"Yes, Sah."

Fast young gentleman.—"Hau—oh, is that a cab you're driving?"

Cabby (half stopping).—"Yes, sah—a cab, sah."

Fast man (waving Cabby to go on).—"Au—oh! I thought so. Thank you, Kebbie."

Cabby mutters inelegant phrases, and slowly departs, threatening personal violence.

CHAPTER II.

Same young gentleman, some four months later, discussed at Middlebrook.

Papa of a quiet family.—"So, Mr. Evans has come, my dear."

Mama.—"Indeed, Charles! and what is he like—have you seen him?"

First daughter.—"Oh, I've seen him, mama, and he's dressed like a Roman Catholic priest, and he's so kind to the poor, and he won't have anything to do with dissenters."

Second daughter.—"Yes; and Kitty Clark says he's very good and serious, and there's no harm in the Puseyites at all: but I know why—Mr. Evans has been there to dine, and all those girls are crazy about him."

Papa.—"Hush! children. You know nothing at all about it. Freeman told me he went to St. Peter's on Sunday, my dear, and that this new curate was very devout—I think that was his word—but absurdly full of the tractarian novelties and demonstrations. I hear he is strict and attentive in the parish, but his doctrines are very popish; and no Roman Catholic priest could have more exalted ideas of the office than this Evans. Freeman dinned his doings and sayings into me for a full hour. I shall soon expect to hear of the 'Puseyite churchwarden,' as well as the 'Puseyite parson.'"

The above is one specimen of the species Puseyite juvenile. But,

"Ex uno do not disce omnes."

EVANGELICAL. (E. P.)

A SPEECH of the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol is largely quoted by authorities and extremities. His lordship follows in the wake of those gentlemen in the House of Commons, who regret the decline of party spirit. But then, for the good lord bishop to cry up party, is no better and no worse than for a tory to declare in favour of toryism, or for a dog to evince a liking for a bone.

Exit Bishop of Gloucester's argument, soundly whipped.

A worthy rural dean of my acquaintance—a *very* rural dean I ought to say—directly he hears a man *quarrelling* about religion, puts him down for a “member of the Hugh party in our Church,—of the Hugh party, Sir. And I call it the Hugh party, because of the hue and cry it makes, and because Stowell and McNeile are the two great Hughs of the evangelical pasturage; they are lambs of a very lion-like description—but they *are* lambs. Polar bears, Liverpool bears, and Coney bears, (so called from growling like a bear, and getting away into the clefts of the rocks to hide itself like the coney) are the aversion of these Hugh lambs.” And the rural dean rattles on hugely and heavily merry at the thought of his own good sayings. But as others may think such wit only worthy of an “Ugh!” let it go like Quilp the ugly,—“down, down, down,—still down,” into the “vasty deep.”

at an unkind thing to invoke the spirits from that

deep. It was spirits and water before. The poet took away the strength. No doubt the poor spirits came out with a whisk-y from the vasty. Pardon the above frolic. An after dinner effusion, with an Evangelical in the next room, and a Puseyite church just opposite, to keep alive one's smartness, is especially excusable; moreover, and in addition, this piece of writing is intended to be a satire upon an E. P's sermon. Off for another excursion!

By what right is the Rev. Hugh MacStowmill called *Canon MacStowmill*? His honorary canonry, with all respect be it said, gives no such title. "Courtesy," perhaps? Then hang courtesy up by the neck till he is dead, and then let him be cut down and decently buried.

It is courtesy which gives little schoolboys, grocers-green, and £20 per annum clerks, the title of Esquire; courtesy, which covers the delinquencies of the rogue, living gaily and luxuriously at his tradesmen's expense, and failing, at last, through his own extravagance for from ten* to eighty thousand.

Courtesy, you're a shabby dog,—a sad rascal! You neglect the poor man who pays his debts, and you shower your favors upon spendthrifts. You come from abroad. You're a foreign importation. Begone.

Real kindness of heart is another thing. But no John Bull wants more than his due. If he is esquire, let him be so, and be called so. If he is a bankrupt, and could have helped it, treat him as such. If he is a real *bona fide* canon, let him fire away, and salute him back again with due respect. Honor to whom honor. Dishonor to whom *dishonor*. Titles are nothing? Granted. Then why care for them?

* A less sum than this will not ensure courteous smiles of indulgence.

Titles are everything? Granted also. Then why take what does not belong to you?

Another digression. I throw myself not on your courtesy, proverbially courteous one, but on your kindness, and your reminiscences of auld lang syne; or, may be, your anticipations of future happiness. Have you never started on a walk to your next village, and been seduced out of your path? I thought so. Then you know as well as I know, that there are no flowers like way-side, or bye-path flowers. The earthly object which is so engrossing as to allow of no respite, no looking aside, is sure to be *nauci*, *nihili*, *pili*, *assis*, *teruncii*, and all the rest of it, which means in common English, not worth twopence.

The Evangelical ought to be happy, for he is very discursive. His sermons, with some very marked and justly celebrated exceptions, are compositions which might be loosely tacked upon any text. This is especially true of an Irish evangelical. Let any one who doubts it, take an excursion ticket to Killarney next summer. He will see other things besides the lakes, and hear other funny things besides the weekday wit-ticisms of the sons of Humbug and Verdure. A few all-important truths, by no means to be neglected, form the staple of E. P.'s discourses. What these truths are, this is not the time or the place for discussing. But their exclusive use is wearisome. The evangelical is, in sermonizing, what an intensely respectable old inhabitant of Bristol was in common discourse.

This venerable gentleman, lately gathered to his fathers, was learned on one subject only. His wisdom was of that most sterling kind which suffering teaches. In his youth, the patriarch had slept on a damp bed; and as the result of that early experience was afflicted

at every change of weather, with violent and excruciating pains. As imbecility grew upon his advancing age, so did the preponderance of the one idea grow more painfully evident. The damp bed was brought into every conversation, as the only reality in a world of shadows. The young were warned against mattresses, beds, blankets, and sheets. Inquiries were instituted into the ailments of the mature and elderly with a view to tracing them up to the one great source of evil. Very frequent was the nervous evasion his cronies would make, in reply to searching questions, of where they slept, and what they did, on such and such a night; and very frequent, too, the look of impatience which greeted his warnings to younger hearers. The old man has passed away; but his infirmity, in common with everything else, points its moral.

In fact, the Bristol nonagenarian was no madder than many an E. P.

As the Puseyite is great in externals, so is the Evangelical still greater in internals. He considers externals, except in the "over-estimation," of no importance. But this over-estimation he does daily battle with. The symbols of Puseyism are his very war-cry, as he thinks cymbals and musicalities of all kinds should be. Down with *them*, and up with internals!

Frequently the son of dissenting parents, he chums harmoniously with dissenters, and is tolerant of all but papists and romanists. His conversation is chiefly upon religious subjects. He eschews dinner parties, and takes to tea and supper spreads instead—for which exercise of taste he is much abused. *The Guardian* is his sworn foe, or he *The Guardian's*. He loses no opportunity of making an onslaught on that "papistical print." But, while in all honesty waging

war against this open enemy, his choicest darts and bitterest sayings—for the Evangelical can be very bitter—are levelled against *The Clerical Journal*, as being a no-party paper. No party men, and no party papers, are standing and lying and falling reproaches to a party man, and come in for attacks from all sides. Parties to an E. P. are the life-blood of his existence. Anything will he give, much will he sacrifice, for a real avowed Puseyite, who may be disposed to do battle with him.

Frank Dobson, a malicious worldling, fell in with Rev. Henry Hopkins, a solemn Evangelical, fresh from a perusal of the Bishop of Gloucester's party speech.

"Parties," said the Reverend Henry,—"I *love* parties—parties are necessary for the well-being of society. Don't tell me of your no party men. Without parties, what would England—I might even say, what would C——be?" (naming the fashionable town, in which his curacy was located).

"Ah, indeed what—they're the life of our place, Mr. Hopkins. You are an advocate of them, I am glad to find, sir?"

"An advocate! my good sir, I repeat that parties are *necessary*. Religion would stagnate; our churches, our chapels, our ——"

"Drawing rooms," feebly suggested Frank——

"Would be empty," resumed the curate, heedless of suggestions, "without parties."

This ominous conversation was repeated with sundry and various embellishments, till Mr. Hopkins—zealous Mr. Hopkins—was looked coldly upon at the Rector's, the clerical meetings, and other places where E. Ps. most do congregate. Not more suspiciously was the Rev. Mr. MacNothing of Deadpool regarded, when he

wrote that very unnecessary piece of mysticism about inspiration of Scripture. Not more darkly. Not more determinedly. What mattered it to Frank, that the mistake was explained—that Hopkins was triumphantly restored to favour, as the advocate, not of *evening* parties, but of *religious* parties—that a testimonial fund was raised, which made the curate possessor of a silver inkstand, ten volumes of orthodox sermons, and a purse of useful sovereigns. He had his laugh, and was glad to find he had done no injury to the party man.

Notwithstanding that E. P. is fond of internals, his external man assumes a shape and form which is plain to the eye. An open vest is spread forth beneath his open countenance. The ends of his necktie, sometimes of a dingy appearance, lie tranquilly folded over his chest, somewhat resembling the lower extremities of the Rhodian Colossus. Pale in face, but this is far from being the general rule, he has a voice which contradicts the delicacy of his look, and imposes with sonorous force, upon the attention of the listener. Whereas the whisker of the Tractarian is shaved far back into space, Evangelicus allows part of his cheek to be covered—beneath the cheek-bone—with a sprinkling of dark, or in some cases, doormat looking furze. When some young Puseyite speonbills were on their way to the Octave, they saw at the door of a Fromian Hotel three or four respectable waiters. "Reverend brethren of the Low Church, *evidently!*" exclaimed the Octavians. And what said the waiters about the Octave folks? would you like to know, disciples of the strait waistcoat, and long coat tails? You should have stopped your 'bus and listened.

Your driver pointed with Sam Wellerian face to

his strange cargo, and telegraphically invited the waiters to "see a sight," as he afterwards expressed it. The waiters looked in rude glee at your reverences, and disrespectfully conversed aloud.

"That *very* young gentleman don't look much like a holy father, does he?" So spake the head waiter.

"Those clerical gents seem to look on the bright side of things, Mr. Tapman." So said the next in command, to his senior and superior—alluding probably to the smiles and general cheerfulness of the Octave youths.

"They're something more than provincial stars," said No. 3.

"But they're coming here to act," rejoined Mr. Tapman.

A sentimental "fourth party" here sung part of "The New Maniac," and as the wheels of the omnibus rattled on, the "dying cadences" of his "yes—yes—yes—they've driven me mad," were faintly audible in the increasing distance.

Whereas P. P. looks priggish, E. P. looketh more like an ordinary common sense everyday individual. Only P. P. himself knows whether his shavings and rigidities are intended to attract attention. But they are a great success in that way. Mrs. Dexter and the Rev. Tract Ninety Sinister, the former a bloomer of fame, and the latter a bud of promise, have each the tolerable certainty of being stared at in public places. There will be in the records of posterity three powers mentioned as introductive of changes in dress. Our children will read of them in their histories. "About this time three remarkable and overpowering tides set in which aimed at the entire alteration of the national dress, and the subversion of the national taste. These

were Jews, women, and Puseyites. The first were fairly represented by the great literary tailors, Moses and Hyam. The second by the illustrious bloomers, Mrs. Blossom and Mrs. Dexter. The third by the great names mentioned in the preceding chapter."

City, town, and village—boy, belle, and bargee—gravity, mirth, insanity, and drunkenness—with other lights and shades of thing and person—look wonderingly and not approvingly at the pronounced and open P. P. The E. P. is honoured in print or keen observation only. His peculiarities require a nicer sense of the ridiculous.

On apple trees, and over vegetable gardens, there are hoisted artistic figures, fanciful but ignoble, which the vulgar call scarecrows. Clear voiced and stout lunged boys perform the same duties, and fill the air with the music of—

"Ou crow! ou crow! take care o' yer toe!
I'll take a pair o' clappers, and I'll knock ye down back'ards!
And a-whoo! a-whoo! a-whoo!"

What harm have the inanimate figures, or the energetic striplings done, that their occupation should be taken away from them?

A clergyman may be properly known by his dress, but not ridiculed—quiet but not monastic—unstudied but not slovenly—gentlemanlike but not foppish. Such is their duty to society and themselves, leaving other obligations. The scarecrows are fewer every ordination day, but they're still too numerous. Yellow bows and blue ribbons at election times are going out of favour. Puseyite and Evangelical badges may very well go with them.

NO PARTY. (N. P. P.)

LET him speak for himself in the following short essay.

Neutrality is a glorious flag to fight under! Perched on a hill, you can hit all round, and be very dignified the while. Talk of the danger of Scylla, it's the easiest thing in life to steer clear of both. Lord Derby would avoid Charybdis, and keeps well away from the rival attraction too. Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford, was suspected of privately humming, on hearing the Tory chief's declaration of ecclesiastical neutrality:—

“Don't you see p^r turtle dove,
Sittynge on pender sprage,
Lamentynge p^r loss of her own true love,
As I do now for my Mary-Anne!”

Lord Derby then guide my philosophic pen. Oh! for the wisdom to avoid platform excitement and priestly confessional,—the painted fictions of the former, the inconvenient truths of the latter. Dignity, Race horses, Stanley, Toryism, Guards, and At them! Inspire me, men and things!

“Arms and the man I sing,
Who never did a foolish thing,
So full was he of wisdom.”

“Much full,” observed a Frenchman who read the
t.

My essay consists of two flings.

I. FLING PROSAIC.

(BEING AN OLD LEGEND REDIVIVUS.)

Two knights set out on their travels. They were brave as *Cœur de Lion*; mettlesome as Harold, the last of the Saxon kings; chivalrous as the vicar of Frome. One of the knights was called Sir No Doubt; the other, Sir Quite Poz.

Neither knew of the other's existence. But two such knights could not travel far without each being compelled to hear of his rival's exploits.

They met at last. It was not in a crowd, but near an old weathercock, stiffened and immoveable through age alone.

Each reined in his princely charger, and courteously, but with jealous looks, surveyed the other and himself.

"Yonder white arrow points to the west, Sir No. Surely we had better seek the shelter of some friendly hostel?"

"Right happy will it make me, to accompany a knight so famous. But the arrow thou speakest of is, well I wot, as black as the coat of my gallant *Bucephalus*." And thus speaking, the stranger knight looked proudly at his champing steed.

"Nay, nay, Sir No Doubt. My own Alba, far above such comparison though she be, is not fairer or whiter, except as she is free from the soil of wind and weather, than our common friend the weathercock." A shade of impatience, mingled with the fondling caress bestowed by Sir Q. upon his pawing and excited charger.

"It ill beseems knights and gentles to fall out respecting trifling matters such as these. But by the beauty of chivalry, our common mother, I avouch the arrow to be black."

"I could not doubt a voucher so given. Sir No Doubt believes himself to have seen and judged aright. Let us go. Come, Alba, ma chère! The good knight will guide us, I trust, with discrimination, to a shelter from the coming storm."

"No storm is near, Sir Knight, unless you put greater faith in the black arrow than a fair sky would warrant."

"Faith or no faith, the arrow is not black but white. Our lady would doubtless smile upon a passage of arms for the sake of truth. Are you so inclined, Sir No?"

"Your lady is no lady of mine. Whoever says yon bauble is white, is either idiot or liar."

Fierce was the encounter. But the genius of Truth flew down to earth with wings of light texture, and separated the combatants.

"Mortals!" said the genius, "look again on the arrow."

Covered with blood and wounds, they did so. The grim old indicator slowly revolved.

One side was white, the other black.

"Think others see as well as ye!" added their lady visitor.

Lord Derby smiled on the rebuked knights, and would have detained the genius. But leaving him only a shred of her vestments, she flew away, and was no more seen.

Sorrowfully Earl Derby eyed the silken relic. Then

dislodging the stiffened weathercock, he put both together, and departed.

II. FLING SARCASTIC.

The "Orion," river steamer, was plying merrily and gaily on the bosom of pater-noster Thames. Young ladies with pretty faces, old dowagers with costly dresses, tall youths with naval caps, and married men with sober know-the-world demeanour, crowded the deck.

Apart from the rest were two handsome-ish young fellows, in a kind of boating-dress. They looked like Cantabs.

"Slow,—isn't it?" said 1 to 2.

"The girls won't flirt. I fancy they don't like daylight."

"Couldn't one create a sensation?"

"No,—can't say I see how."

Yawns of considerable length from both.

"Extract the youthful admiral."

"Eh—draw out the cockney from his nautical shell? No fun. Nothing new in that." Pause. "Those ancients were not such fools. It is rather useful to be distinguished, Jack."

"Decidedly—but hard. I've given up Mormonism. It don't scare people a jot. Fan Merton was quite collected Friday night, when I told her I thought the arguments pro and con ought to be duly weighed."

"Nonsense?"

"Fact—she'd have argued the matter if I hadn't pulled up. But her——"

"I have it, Jack. Listen. * * * **"

The short whispering represented (like the city of London) by stars, ended in a walk, on the part of the Cameos, to the side of the steamer.

Suddenly a splash was heard. A man overboard! The Cambridge Gemini were divided. Castor was in the briny deep. Pollux on the planks of the steaming superficial. Not the last time in their lives that these youths were in different elements.

Which implies that Castor was saved, and destroys the interest of the story.

The deliverance was thus effected.

As Castor battled with the waves, Pollux grew excited. Crowds beset him. "How was it?" "Poor young man!" "A watery grave!"

"Stand back," cried the desolate relictus; "I save him, or perish in the attempt!"

Another splash was heard—another man was in the arms of the watery father, making straight for the bobbing head of the drowning man: Pollux brought him safe aboard.

Warm and cordial greetings rewarded the heroic deliverer. "Dear, handsome man!" cried the girl who "wouldn't flirt." "Noble deed!" said tough old crabsticks of the masculine gender. Ladies were there and then ready to embrace him without any scruple. A subscription and testimonial were spoken of. The "Orion" river steamer looked immediately down with contempt on commoner boats. The very chimney "drew itself slightly up," and was very near "turning on its heel" in dignified silence; but didn't.

The Gemini requested to be left alone in the cabin. Pollux thought his friend would revive best by himself.

They were left, as per desire. And I, who happened

to be on board, peeped into the cabin, full of dark suspicion. I saw—

The two Cantabs convulsed with laughter!

Shall it be suspected that the same love of notoriety made C. an extreme Puseyite, and P. an extreme Evangelical—parsons both? No, it shall not; I tell no tales.

ADVANCED. (A. P.)

AN age of progress without progressive parsons would be an anomaly.

But it is not an anomaly.

. . . Progressive parsons exist.

Exist did I say? The word existence is too tame, too common, too inactive, for such geniuses. They militate, rationate,, opinionate, and are in a general ferment of flourishing salubriousness.

The advanced spirit is the fast parson carried out in mind. Whereas the latter delighteth in sportive costume of body, the former giveth vent to sportive freedom of thought.

If parsons cease to respect things sacred, they take away one of the grand holds to be properly exercised by parsondom, upon the people at large. A. P. is an enemy to his order, as will presently appear.

He speaks of the Bible as a "good old book—a respectable old book—has a very great regard for the Bible;" as of course he should have. Still it is kind of him to say so. But he derides, for this species is much given to ridicule, any "superstitious trust" in a "mere book," granting that the "mere book" is the best of books, and a sound compendium of he "will not call it" *this*—but he "may say" *that*. The Bible is indeed a mysterious something which he cannot exactly define, but which he can easily use an unknown quantity of fine phrases about.

And the strangeness of this strange elephantine race is this. If the said Bible were to be universally regarded as our advanced friend regards it, then the good man would turn immediately round and talk twaddle about the ineffable something or other which this "old volume of inspiration," or this "to-be-much-reverenced repository of immortal thought" contains.

Advancement is, in short, the mystery of giving great names to little things, of pulling down acknowledged greatnesses to an ordinary level, of speaking of everything in philosophies. "Deity," or some such imposing word, is looked for in a farthing rushlight; and miracles—especially those of scripture—are simple, easy deceptions, which advanced clericals dissipate with a touch of their pen. A. P. decries all eloquence, and prides himself on a dry, intellectual, querulous and questioning state of mind and style of converse which bewilders, and does little else.

It is mainly a fear of these clever folks which puts "L. Lynx," instead of the scribe's real name on the title page. They are sarcastic. They can laugh an unfortunate man of plain common sense almost out of his wits. They speak with frightful coolness of a future state, and alarm quiet people excessively.

Cautious people too are these clerical men of progress. Their freedom goes just as far as it safely may. They say nothing very plain, or very apparently wicked; and it is a matter of fervent and consolatory belief with me, that in their closets they are far less intellectual, and far more in earnest than they appear to men. But among the younger clergy, they are the coming men. It is only to be hoped they may never come.

One mark is sure to be upon them. Their hatred of

The Record is intense. Now don't go and set down in your tablets, wise young men, that the writer is a fool and a Recordite. I am not a Recordite, sapientissime, and I modestly hope not a very great fool. But I try to give everything its due,

"Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time."

A. P. does *not* give everything its due. He robbeth Peter and payeth Paul the overplus now and then. He takes the *Record* with the tongs. He hates it. He compares it with *Punch*, viz., when it was debated at Oxford in a certain reading society, whether to take in *Punch*, or the *Record*, he voted for the latter. He calls it opprobrious epithets.

An infidel, a Roman Catholic, a pagan, a flashy novel, or a murderer, he will be marvellously candid about. "Can't certainly admire, or entirely sympathize with,—but why such a hue and cry against" the man, or the book, or the blackguard. But a religious tale, a Sunday-school, a tract, a district visitor, or any other of these tame, insipid, common places, A. P. spares not. He prattles cheerily about the "spiritualized essence of Lord Shaftesbury," and discourses in a lively manner about the "unparalleled impertinence of cant," whenever such things are under discussion.

These are the only points one can get him to pronounce a decided opinion upon. His rising genius will not pronounce upon established truths, but scatters dark hints upon their being old wives' tales, and nursery scarecrows. He says to society at large, what injured husbands say in connubial quarrels to domineering partners: "Go away, and shame on you,"

observes the tenderer half. "Yes, Hannah, I *shall* go, and—a—and *hang* myself—there now!" A. P. threatens the people of England in like manner. He will neither be in one place or the other, in the next world. If people don't mind what they're about, he'll go into some limbo of his own manufacturing—that he will.

His face is marked by his mind. Small pox is less destructive of manly beauty than advanced speculation. Openness, frankness, and good humour, degenerate,—“develope,” the man himself would say,—after an attack of the mentals, into a smile of incredulity, a sarcastic leer, an uncomfortable-looking assurance, a hard indifference, or a painful listlessness and vacancy.

There are many shades and grades, from the ridiculous to the truly learned and intellectual. But it requires experience to separate the one from the other—and then one's trouble is scarcely repaid. The first A. P. I ever saw was a fellow traveller on board a steam packet. He looked as if he might have been just ordained. Hearing myself and an old gentleman, who was my companion, talking about things in general, he joined in our conversation.

His tones were loud, and his conversation far beyond our understanding. But he contrived to throw in scraps of interest which kept our attention. I remember, as a specimen, he mentioned the Witch of Endor, of course incidentally. Being on the sea, we had spoken of Captain Marryatt's "Water-Witch," and this gave rise to the mention of the witch of Scripture. Clericus thought it was either an illusion, or that such things could be brought about now. He begged us to understand that he threw not the slightest disrespect upon

scripture. It would be unbecoming in him. But he must hold his own, perhaps peculiar, notions on the subject. "How could it be so *now*?" inquired my old friend. "How could modern apparitions be believed in?" Clericus did not know, he said, but he had heard some singular facts from trustworthy acquaintance, there-anent. Here I interposed. Surely, ghosts could not be raised, as Samuel was? Clericus wouldn't positively affirm that they could. But he had a particular friend who implicitly believed in the boyish myth of raising—would we forgive the allusion?—of raising the Evil One.*

I confess to having felt something like fear of the dashing and reckless flippancy of this cavalier's talk. He reminded me almost of Roger Wildrake, of Squattlesea Mere, in the damp county of Lincoln. What effect his heroics might have had I cannot say. Perhaps but for an unforeseen occurrence I might now have been an A. P., trying my depth in metaphysics, instead of exhibiting my shallowness in sketchy-graphics. But a sudden over-spreading of dark clouds brought down the thermometer of young hopeful's temperament several degrees. The clouds and wind did really go on increasing at an alarmingly quick rate, and as they increased, so did the clerical vapour decrease. The clerical face grew mild and respectable. The hat stood less akimbo on the clerical brow, and other speaking *et ceteras* told their own tale. Till the event, a veritable story too long for this paper, confirmed me in my old jog-trot notions, and served to amuse my older and wiser companion of the grey locks

* The questionable taste is not in the present introduction, but in the tolerance of this.

considerably. What became of Hopeful, I never heard. He may be a Dean or Archdeacon. But he certainly will never make a good pilot.

This was my first specimen ; would it were my last !

There is only one kind of advancement, for themselves and others, which parsons should study.

TUFT-HUNTING. (T. P.)

TUFT-HUNTERS are unhappily everywhere discoverable. But it would not be too much to expect that an order of men supposed to be guiding others as well as going themselves along a viaduct, should be above the need of being reminded that the valley of common life is full of bogs and dirty places. Yet that mementoes of the fact are necessary, these two heavy sentences ponderously shew. They (*i. e.* the sentences) resemble brewers' horses, cumbrous and strong, and if they do their work, may be forgiven for their clumsy gait. No gate like the gate of truth. Let us enter therein. Solid looking old place, this temple of truth—is it not? And, a word in your ear, my fine fellow—so are *all* great realities. Time's got a leaden foot, as well as a light wing. Death's* rather a heavy affair, as you'll find some day. Life's occasionally burdensome, *testibus* many out of the way river banks, and rusty razors, and dingy phials. Eternity*—there 'tis time to stop.

Not too much to expect, did I say? Blessed above all measure are they who expect *nothing*—but disappointment. My friend Phipps, who is in orders himself, stoutly maintains that tuft-hunting reverends are snobs, not parsons. But Phipps is rash in argument when his ire is roused, and uses unclerical words. He affirms that reverends cease to be anything more than legal readers in desks and preachers in pulpits when

* No unbecoming lightness is intended in the mention of these solemn subjects.

they are infected with the tuft disease, and he doesn't scruple to call the parson who toadies a debauched nobleman, or for that matter, a reputable one either—"a humbug," or "a dirty sneak," or some such irreverent name. Alas poor Phipps! I fear thou art doomed to a mere curacy for the term of thy natural life.

Tuft-hunters are not distinguishable by birth. While parsons of low birth are much given to toadyism, parsons of better birth are equally infected. The mark of the beast is plain to any experienced eye. In the pulpit the toady looks deprecatingly at the patrons, the rector, the 'squire, or the great people, preaching diluted wine and water flippancies which nobody can understand, therefore nobody be offended at. Sometimes, indeed, a thundering rebuke is given to imaginary poor people; but toady glances round uneasily, as doing a painful duty, and hoping his betters will let him deal plainly by his inferiors. This is the vulgar toady; but strange as it may appear, seem, be, and sound, there is also the *independent* toady, another and a deeper reptile.

Yes, the independent toady. For the vulgar is coming to be seen through and despised, even by his patrons. Vulgar worshippers are *kept*, independent tuft-hunters insidiously force their way—witness the rise and progress of the Rev. Cæsar Cromwell Irish Brigade Radical Trim, the gentleman with a long name who "declined" a living, and got a deanery. "Declined," by the bye, is a favourite word with the independent toady. He never *refuses*, or *denies*, or says "No, I want something better," but always "declines." The word "decline" has a haughtier, stiffer, more aloof, less approachable sound than the blunt well-bred negative

of a gentleman. Whenever poor Mrs. Brown, the honest struggling widow, who keeps a small grocery shop, and is not rising in the world, calls upon the smart milliner, and the thriving baker's daughters, and the two draper's assistants, and others just above, or just emerging from her own level—whenever, with the remembrance of long ago, when her husband was prosperous and courted, she tries to get round her a few evidences that the glory is not all departed, and calls to invite to a friendly evening, the potentates afore specified—ten to one, my betting friend, on the certainty of Mrs. Brown learning the full meaning of that ugly, chilly, portentous word “decline.” Ah—you might have spared yourself the pinching and preparing for that much-coveted Friday evening, Widow Brown—you might have saved the one and ninepence invested in that bottle of British wine, and the nine and sixpence in that new hearth-rug, and the two shillings in in those pretty neck-ribbons,—one a piece—for “the girls!” You might, indeed. But perhaps it was as well as it was; for you can understand now, how your husband is not the only one who ever died of decline; and intelligence is always valuable. You see, Widow Brown, you don't understand Latin, or I could explain what is the reason that your “friends” have caused your weary, craving, aching heart, such unnecessary pain. In three words I could explain it all. The first is *QUID*,—no, no, not quid of tobacco—need not look so piteously at the old leaden box and kept pipe,—the second is *PRO*,—and the third—pity you don't understand—is *QUO*. Oh, don't ask me the meaning, my good woman. You won't buy any copies of my book, so I must write on; nor introduce me to a good connexion: nor anything else—so *good* bye, ma'am.

Don't imagine, Reader mine, that there are *really* any independent gold-worshippers, or preferment hunters. No, but neither did the voters of recent antiquity deserve the name of "free and independent electors;" yet that facetious imagination was indispensable, except at the cost of an extra sovereign for every independent insulted by the omission. These free and independent parsons, in like manner, seek preferment and accept it with a high and lofty indifference. They are not "so base" as to "withhold the truth" for "filthy lucre," not they. But then there are little delicate marks of the cloven foot, of dark and spotted toadyism and frogism, which are only evident to the observant. Specimens of this polished class, will even refuse invitations to a friendly dinner at a great man's house, lest they should be "thought guilty of such a thing" as courting the great. Magnanimous and lofty souls! they calculate deeply, and look down upon their more honest and less successful brethren with withering scorn.

Are they wrong, then, to refuse attentions, and withhold flattery? Wrong, no—but why talk about it so boisterously? The wrong is in *looking* indifferent and *being* obsequious. The calculating crawlers think their cloaked and half-concealed homage will be more valued as the tribute of "high-minded" men, ("high-minded" being another of their great watch words.)

The Rev. Lofty Lowly was curate in sole charge of an absentee Rector's parish. The patron of the living, Lord Nevermind, lived near. Did Lowly make up to the noble patron? On the contrary: L. L. lost few opportunities of speaking arrogantly and disrespectfully of him. But the Rector sickened. Then did the factotum steward of Lord Nevermind receive from Lofty

Lowly, a choice and a costly and a well-considered gift. Would any one know the result? Let such an inquirer look into the Clergy List, under the letter L., and he may chance to find it out.

Parsons may speak the truth quietly, and shew plainly enough that they fear no frowns, and court no smiles. Such examples are often found. They don't go out of their way to shew independence. They *are* so, and think very little about the matter.

But, whether the late showers of patronage and preferment have brought out toadies in force, or whether other equally potent influences have been at work, certain it is, that the things are everywhere encroaching on clerical grounds. There are Bishops, there are Deans, and there are "inferior" clergy who may fairly claim the creeping honors. The rakish and dissipated grandee of a public meeting, will come in for their noisome praise, as if he were a very model of virtue and goodness; miles of bad road will be driven over to the dinner party of a "noble" lady of subdued and shaded character (always provided that she have not forfeited her "position in society"); and other monstrosities will be perpetrated, to convince the laity that nothing is so abominable as to be entirely excluded from clerical participation.

Think you, tuft-hunters and toadeaters of reverend and priestly condition, that the poor will not see and be injured by these things? Think you they will not look everywhere with suspicion, and at last distrust the very sight and sound of a Church of England Parson? For every good word our working clergy are saying, or every good life they are living, your meanness and lly spreads a thousand evils which no time can eradicate. No one, except perhaps your own foolish

mothers and grandmothers, wanted you to become, clergymen. You might have remained in insignificance and toadied on in quietude, without bringing scandal and contempt on a high and sacred calling.

But we are forgetful. Some of you had only the "choker" prospect to bring you into notice. It is an avenue to great folk's ears. Listen to the story of the Rev. Frederick Frog.

Frederick was the son of a paper-hanger in a western city. Frederick was ambitious. Frederick went to Cambridge. Frederick went to Cambridge as a great Evangelical, and thereby got some introductions to leading men there. But Frederick got into a little fast society, of rather aristocratic pretensions; he thereupon dropped his tracts, aped his betters, took orders, and started as a fashionable.

Well and smartingly does this humble parson-ographer remember calling on Frederick in Frederick's first curacy. F. was sitting with his rector's wife, telling, as was afterwards heard, a few moderate fibs about his "family," when "Mr. Lynx" was announced. Mr. Lynx was then poor and proud, so Frederick snubbed him unmercifully, and it was only the intervention of the lady that prevented that poor man from being quite extinguished.

Now L. had been indirectly the means of F's going to Cambridge; L. knew of F's parentage; L. had heard of F's peccadilloes—how he had anonymously defamed a spotless character, how he had foolishly denied in private, and cut in public, his three maiden sisters, and how he had achieved many trophies of lesser prowess. Yet L. was silent and amazed.

Well, Frederick got engaged to a young lady of property, but "no family." This deficiency Frederick

generously overlooked. Being himself "sufficiently well connected," it was of less consequence to look for birth and family in a wife. Preparations for marriage. Talk of the town. The aristocratic F. going to marry Miss Fisher. But father, determining that the course of true love should not be falsified in the person of his daughter, wickedly ascertains the parentage of F. Summons him to his presence, and charges him with deceit. F. "has large expectations from Brown Jones, and Robinson"—three church magnates, and still blusters. Father in a rage. Frog retires from town of Heigho in disgrace. Goes south. Is seen in companionship with nobles of high degree. Lady No. 2. Connexions again discovered. Humility. Unavailing.

And now the Rev. F. Frog is much derided in many places, but imitated in many more. The last we heard of him was as the seconder of a pious resolution at the tail of a meeting presided over by an Evangelical Lord, which looks as if Frederick had become an E. P. again.

CAMBRIDGE. (C. P.)

JEALOUSY of Oxford is a Cambridge man's failing. He brings this with him into his ordination, and carries it perseveringly in his breast pocket, till he becomes careful of higher matters.

He is clannish. This may or may not be a foible, but it is a fact. Cambridge men get on wonderfully well together,—being together fond of beer, cricket, and boating. They are the best cricketers in England, and beat Oxford easily. In boating they are barely inferior in endurance to Oxonians. But their clannishness after cricket and boating is relinquished for the voluntary, and the curacy which is sadly too often an involuntary, subsists upon beer persevered in.

The parson power of the Cantab is considerably less than that of a St. Bee's man, or rather the parson *performance*; for when he *does* work, he carries all before him; but being frequently in better original circumstances than the offshoots of theological colleges, he thinks less of the necessity of persevering diligence.

He has an air which savours slightly of arrogance. "The man of the time" peeps out in full consciousness from his eyes. True he was not senior wrangler, but he is a member of the University which produces senior wranglers, and this fact he would not have you forget. "When I was at Cambridge," is an utterance of no uncommon kind. He has moreover, a huge contempt for literates, St. Bee's men, and all others who are not

of Oxford or Cambridge. The only reason he does not despise Oxonians is that he is afraid of them; with a scarcely perceptible and not ungentlemanly fear, but still afraid. The Oxonian, as we shall see, is formidable on many accounts, but forbearing. Therefore the rivals are not enemies.

College modifies character at Cambridge, more than at Oxford. It would be almost impossible for any man to live three years in the smallest hall at the latter University without catching much of its tone and character. The greatest muff will lose his fur and softness, the veriest snob a greater part of his snobism, by the magic polish and discipline of an Oxford life. But in the sister abode, it is not thus. The waters [of Cam are less cleansing than the gentler stream of Isis. It may be, because at Oxford, residence in College is enforced. It may be because classics are humaniorizing as well as humaniores than mathematics, to make a heavy play upon a long word. It may be because the "Town" is less ferocious at Oxford than at Cambridge; or because wine is lighter than beer; or because, "a canter along the Henley road," is more civilizing than two hours' batting on Parker's Piece, against a vicious bowler, paid at the rate of eighteen pence an hour for aiming at your shins; or because Pusey is considered more of a gentleman than Simeon; or because a ford takes you through, and a bridge carries you over; or for ninety-nine other potential reasons.

The philosophy is less important than the fact of the difference. "The bearings of the whole question," to put Captain Cuttles' great idea into our own language, "lies in the application of the same to the matter in hand."

We were first convinced of the influence college has

in modifying Cambridge character, by once reading over an ordination list. There were candidates from various places, but the names of those from Cambridge must have arrested the attention of many.

PRIESTS.

Rev. Gentlemanly Classical Shallow Smooth, B.A.,
Trin. Camb.

Rev. Plodding Absent Dull Deep, M.A., Joh.

Rev. Sober Serious, B.A., Caius.

Rev. Quiet Sulky Commonplace, B.A., Emanuel.

Rev. Very Slow Verbose Heavy, Queen's. (Ten year man.)

DEACONS.

Clever Original Well-Bred, B.A., Christ's.

Exclusive Dull Flat Insipid, M.A., King's.

Nothing Notable, S.C.L., Magdalene.

Fond Being Gated, B.A., Sid. Suss.

There were none from the other colleges in Cambridge, and the above could not be taken as a sure criterion whereby to judge of other members of the same Collegia. But this they *did* shew, and this is all they *need* shew, viz., that Cambridge men differ *inter se*, even more than they differ from graduates of other universities.

Now, are we friends, my Cantab readers? or can't you bear a few sentences of well-meant sincerity? A man is seldom ignorant of his excellencies; his best friend will be he who will tell him of his t'other things. My own best friend, a Cantab, would have done the same by me. Never was a truer, never a more generous, or more estimable friend than he. As I write,

my memory recalls many a trait which, but for the sacredness of his remembered tastes, might have given life and interest to these unpretending sketches. He is gone away from me ! He alone would have decided whether the manuscript now approaching its close, and other manuscripts which have found their way to the public before, should be consigned to the grate, or go before that formidable bar, called public opinion, and made up of great and little together. Best of Cantabs, boldest of friends, never will he be forgotten !

OXFORD. (O. P.)

AN Oxford man makes no comparisons. He is to graduates of other places just what John Bull is to all the rest of the world, a Pharisee in everything but tongue. He *thinks* himself the cream of parsondom, but never shews his consciousness offensively. Indeed, consciousness is the grand secret of very much of what is called amiable condescension. Oxonian is civil to the poorest curate, and walks down from his pedestal with such a grace and freedom that you would suppose he was never going to get up there again, and your supposition would be wrong.

Ignorant folks connect Oxford and Puseyism. Certainly Dr. Pusey is an Oxford man ; but anxious parents need not therefore invest Oxford with tractarian principles, even granting such principles to be deadly, which a neutral scribbler does *not* grant. Mrs. Partington thinks the red lining of Oxford M.A. hoods to be identical with the scarlet lady of the Revelation of St. John, and that St. John's college is especially "popish." But Mrs. P., good, kind creetur as she confessedly is, is mistaken on one or two points of doctrine, discipline, faith, and practice. E'en her failings we may love, leaning, as they do, to the side of the severest virtue. She is dove-like and innocent, laughter giving, and, I doubt not, laughter loving, but mortal, and therefore fallible. "Well may I shudder," said the good

lady, one fine morning—"Well may I shudder at the mention of Oxford, for that's where the Ice is ('Isis' perhaps) summer and winter and all, and is called so from Oxen, which means papish and popish Bulls; and where Mr. Pewsey builds up high pews instead of open benches, and that's why they're called pewseyites, because the benches (benchers?) is confined to the Temple; and" (drawing a long breath.) "pretty temples they make of them, for worshipping golded and moulting images of birds and beasts, like the Pope at Rome."

The temptations to which an Oxford man is liable are advancement, rapidity, and sentimentalism. He sometimes, that is, degenerates into an A.P., an F.P., or an S.P. He is keen in detecting a member of "The University." Less clannish than the Cambridge man, he is far more expert in deciphering outward signs. He it is who will tell, from a single page, whether the M.A. which ennobles the cover is a fiction or a reality; whether if it be not a fiction the writer obtained it from Cambridge, Oxford, or any of the other places, and which; whether he be a public school man or not; in a trade or profession; whether he writes for amusement or gain; what is his condition by birth, and so on.

O. P. delights in a joke, and when he sees a pleasant or merry book, he will buy it, read it, and think no scorn of it. Be he never so evangelical, never so strict, "a good thing" or a reminder of old times is always a welcome guest. His eye will kindle as the village band plays in wretched tune and wretcheder time a thing which calls up old faces and old deeds. To sear old age his drollery remains. Children who look upon an average clergyman as something to be feared and to be talked religion to, O. P. is an especial favorite with.

Sporting parsons there are, who will tell of days of

dissipation in their venerable mother's academical shades, and who will carry the old disposition into their parishes. Such characters, however, are not confined to Oxford. They should rather come into Mr. Thackeray's book of snobs.

In the days of Cromwell, or one of the Charles's, an array of soldiers was sent to Oxford, and an army of books to Cambridge, or it might have been *vice versa*; on which missionary doings an epigram was made. The one university, said the epigram, was deficient in loyalty, the other in learning.

Neither is in want of books *now*. Oxford sends them to other places, and has her famous Bodleian. And the late prevalence of plucks at Cambridge, is a proof that learning of some kind is requisite there also, even for the merest pass.

But what about loyalty? To our Queen there is plenty; witness the cry of Prince Albert for the Chancellorship—notwithstanding the great Campaign it occasioned to some, and the little Cam pain, surely *i. e.* campanula, to others! So great is Cambridge loyalty, that if the Princess Royal should become a blue bell, she would, no doubt, succeed to the Chancellorship, by a special statute making ladies eligible.

Nor is Oxford a whit less loyal.

But fealty to other things than royalty is just now requisite.

DUBLIN. (D. P.)

OF late years there has been an influx of Irish* parsons and English alumni of the Irish University into the curacies and benefices of the church on this side of the water. Very peppery gentlemen they are, and require to be tenderly treated by any one who wishes to gain their suffrages or their shillings, as I do.

T.C.D. is their watchword. You shall see it fixed in all possible combinations to their names. A.B.T.C.D. means simply Bachelor of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin. S.T.C.D. is the hieroglyphic for Scholar of T.C.D. Then we have S.F.T.C.D. which conveys the information that its holder and possessor is a Senior Fellow of Trinity over the sea, not ultramontane, but ultramarine—Trinity Ultramarine. If there is ultramontaniam, why should there not be ultramarinism to counterbalance it? I pause for a reply.

T.C. states the naked fact, that so and so is of Trinity College. Whereas Ex-schol. T.C.D. is intended to remind us that the Rev. Mountainous Fireaway was formerly the lucky and learned possessor of a scholarship in the classic halls where Lawson fumed, where

* An advertisement for a curate, in the *Record* of April 17, funnily states that "no Irishman need apply." Would an Esquimaux or a Red Indian suit the advertiser? Something extraordinary for his £100 a-year. "part paid by the Pastoral Aid Society," he evidently looks for; and he would scarcely expect a D.D. to apply for "the situation."

Webber sparkled, and where O'Malley flourished. Seedy T. it is sometimes called in the full belief that to substitute C.D.T. for T.C.D. is an excellent joke; but this miserably play upon three harmless letters, is the production of a Cambridge Johnian, therefore inadmissible into polite society. It is only worthy of a literate, (so called *lucus a non*, because he has no letters after his name.)

The Dublin man is either an Irishman or an Englishman. Scotchey sticks to his "oun Abbur-r-r-deene," or else favours Oxford with his presence. Welchmen have Lampeter, and only leave it for an English University.

The Irishman has a brogue, with which he now and then beguiles the leisure of an heiress. He is of an adventurous turn. A hard curacy, or an arduous courtship, has no terror for him. He has a small patrimony in Ireland, which he intends some day to revisit; and he is well connected, dashing, and excessively polite.

The Englishman who claims sonship of the same alma mater is a poorer man who gets a cheap education at Dublin, and comes away with the idea that his degree is the best thing in the world. He fraternizes with Oxford and dislikes "Cambridge conceit." He takes pains to say on all occasions, that his University is second to none in England. His divinity, Bishops tell us, is above par; so is himself.

The "pulpit powers" of Dublin men are considerable, but there is a flash style with some of them which is more taking than sterling. There is seldom an A. P. or a P. P. among them, but the S. P. is nothing uncommon.

For the rest *his* Trinity College, is *the* Trinity College. He ignores the Cambridge and Oxford Colleges of the

same name, "Trinity," invariably meaning Dublin. His allusions to college life are less frequent than those of a Cambridge man, while as regards his fellows, he has all the the *esprit de corps* which a common parent produces. His dress is less ecclesiastical than an Oxonian's, but has a certain *je ne sais quoi* which is by no means despicable.

In thee, too, T. C. D., we have those whom we would not willingly anger. Shake hands from the land of bogs and potatoes, Elizabethan Academia, and so let us bid thee heartily farewell.

Given at our court of Impartiality.

DURHAM THEOLOGICAL. (D.T.P.)

“RED, White, and Blue,” generally go together. The song and the service unite them ; the former in words, the latter in admirals. Nature sets the example. A woman with a red and white complexion, is safe for a blue nose. A man with a blue and white face is sure of a red nasal. Case of *tria juncta*.

Universities assign hoods on this understanding. An Oxford Master is A.M. of the red, Cambridge, A.M. of the white, Dublin A.M. of the blue.

These three parson manufactories* are joined in other particulars. They are represented in Parliament by two members apiece. Gladstone does the talk for Oxford, Walpole for Cambridge, and Napier for Dublin ; Heathcote, Wigram, and Hamilton do the voting : all against Lord Pam. They contribute their respective quotas to the episcopal bench, date their respective ages by centuries, and educate laymen as numerously and effectively as clerics.

But we come now to the theological colleges, and first of these is the University of Durham.

Durham men are remarkably devoid of remarkableness. Points offensive and points noticeable are not forthcoming. To describe a Durham man would be to describe the first gentlemanlike, ordinary, sober parson imbued with dutiful feelings towards Oliver Cromwell,† one meets.

* Phipps calls them the three maternal dis-Graces.

† The founder, in intention, of Durham university.

Not so the St. Bee's man. He shares the common mistake about Oxford tractarianism, and apes it. He is also, what Oxford men are not, evidently opinionated. His sermons are eloquent, he is very considerable in society, and gets small perpetual curacies speedily. Of his work no one can speak disrespectfully. But he is given to blazoning the theological achievements of Sancta Bega.

Neither so King's Coll. London man, called in ordination lists The. Ass., *i. e.* Theological Associate. He, too, is a man of mark.

And what shall be said of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead? It's offshoots are largely supplied with controversial information, wherewith to grapple with all the ghosts of all the popes who have departed, and all the dangers of all the heretics who are yet to come. It is eminently protestant.

Lampeter, Cuddesdon, Wells, Chichester, each I suppose have their peculiar influences, and "turn out" their peculiar variations and shades of parson character. But they will permit an ignoramus to be put in, and the best of wishes to be offered them. May they unite in upholding the Church of England, in being careful of her good name, zealous for the truth, and deserving the estimation (while they escape the poverty), which the poet describes—

"Not thus our curate, one whom all believe,
Pious and just, and for whose fate they grieve;
All see him poor, but even the vulgar know
He merits love, and their respect bestow."





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